Why do we hate the police?

A national survey by SIDNEY KATZ

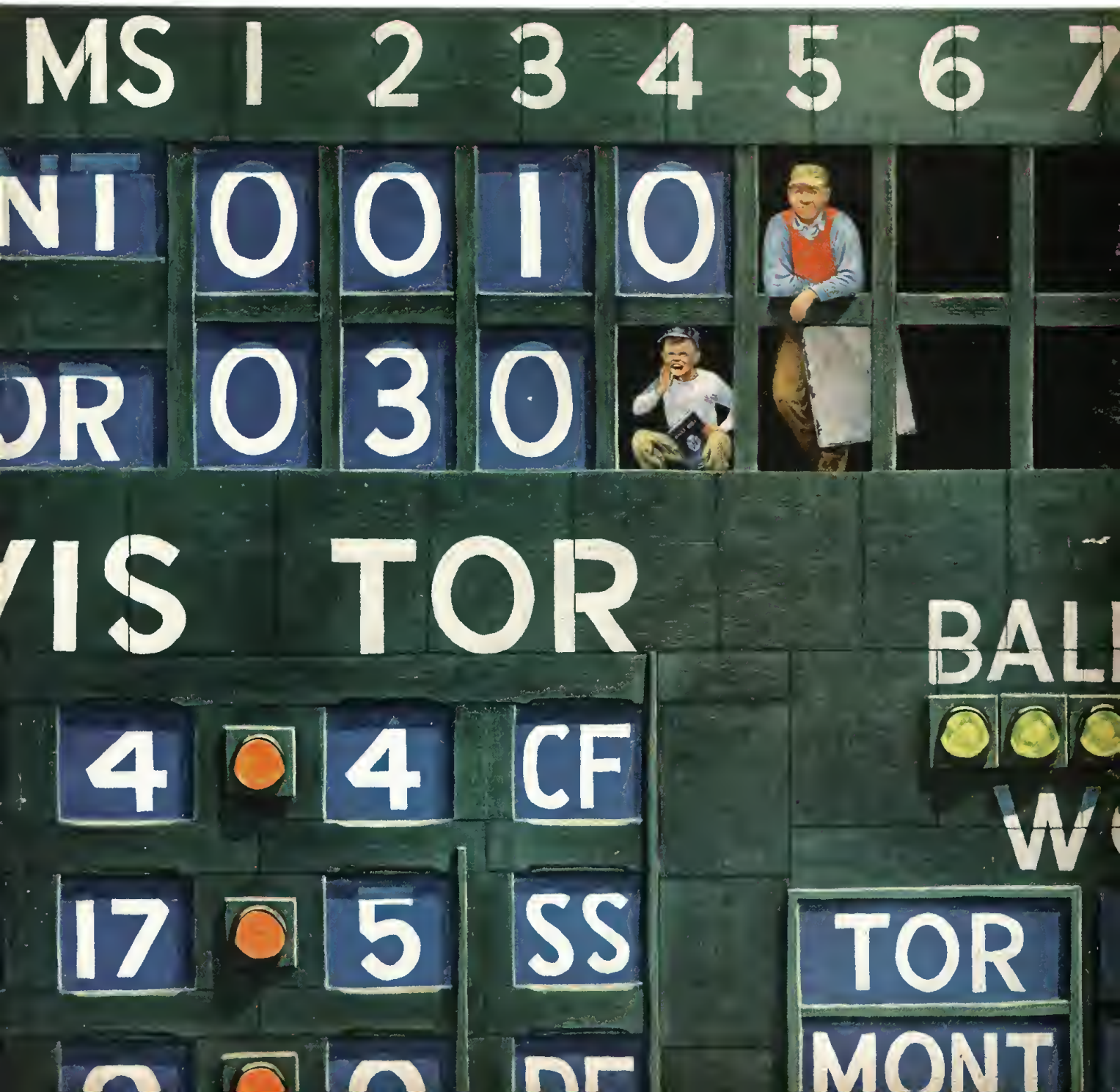
COVER BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON
Scoreboard at Maple Leaf Stadium

Bertrand Russell warns: stay off the moon

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF FOOTBALL'S FIERCEST COACH

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 30 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- An Iraqi mystery: Can Canadian wife get out?
- Why people get old—Ontario to study ageing

NOW THAT THE SEAWAY'S NEARLY FINISHED, the next big hand-in-hand chore for the U.S. and Canada may be paving the Alaska Highway, but this time the U.S. will have to talk mainly to itself. Inspired by statehood for Alaska, the U.S. pressure to pave the road (now administered by the Canadian Army) is mounting. But Canada, bold bridegroom of Seaway negotiations, is a reluctant bride now. Objections: The cost (estimated $250 million) is too high. Americans ought to pay more than their proposed 50-50 share. Canada's already up to its eyes in bills for the Snith Sask atchewan Dam and roads in the Yukon.



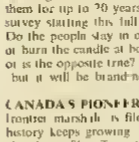
Sarah

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS IN IRAQ that's still waiting for an answer: Will Saskatchewan-born Sarah Powell Jamil get out safely? But chances look fair. Maclean's Blair Fraser reports from the Middle East: Her husband, deposed foreign minister Fadhil Jamali, is in jail but Sarah and son Abbas are hiding in the home of Baghdad friends. Few know where Sarah still have been hit since the revolution. Despite assurances by the new government that it won't harm wives of members of the old regime, she prefers to keep out of sight. But best hope: Her parents were American; she has maintained her U.S. citizenship. When or if she decides to leave she's entitled to American protection.

A NEW KIND OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE will be offered through some schools this fall in an effort to meet the growing cost and frequency of children's accidents. It will be offered to parents for around $4 a year and will protect youngsters 24 hours a day except during holidays. Amident insurance now available through schools costs $1 to $2 (large school districts usually get the cheaper rate) but protects children only during school hours on school property. In addition most school boards carry liability insurance (they pay $22 for the first four classrooms, $2.50 a class after that for coverage up to $5,000 for one child). One uninsured Ontario board recently had to pay $30,000 to a boy injured swinging.

WHAT MAKES PEOPLE GROW OLD and why do some grow old quicker than others? The Ontario government intends to find out by selecting 2,000 men and women (age 45) and keeping monthly tab on them for up to 30 years. Sociologist Lawrence Crawford will supervise the survey starting this fall. His experts will get answers to such questions as: Do the people stay in one place in one job? Do they live a comfortable life or burn the candle at both ends? Does wealth bring health and serenity or is the opposite true? "We don't know what we'll find," says Crawford, "but it will be brand-new."

CANADA'S PIONEER ADVENTURERS may ultimately rival American frontier marshals in film heroes if the movies' passion for Canadian history keeps growing. With the stories of Pierre Radisson and the RCMP already on film, Toronto's Michael Sallicr will soon start shooting Tales of Hudson's Bay for United Artists with a lot of the script material from HBC's long-locked files. Scenes will be northern Canada winters and most actors will be Canadian. Next subject being scouted for films: HBC's fur-trading rival, the Northwest Company.



Cyril

CYRIL THE SEA LION'S MEMORABLE SWIM to Lake Erie is going to enable Hamilton's Story Book Gardens (from which he escaped to buy more animals and build new zoo. Siblings (animals all, as shown in cash hits such as Old MacDonald's Farm, Jack and Jill's Hill). In the first month after Cyril's return he was such a big attraction that more than 110,000 paid $22,500 to get into the Gardens to see him. Receipts for the whole summer at the zoo this year had been budgeted at only $110,000 before Cyril went swimming. Cyril had something to show the crowds: 150 lamprey bites. Among newcomers joining finally Cyril: two more seals.

NEW TV TRENDS — CBC BETTING ON LIVE VARIETY, DRAMA SHUNS U.S. SWING TO FILMS, COWBOYS



KOSTER BAND
Live is my album

EVER SINCE television in Canada began, Canadian TV has been accused of getting its best ideas from the American networks. What gets up said was often true. Cross-Canada Hit Parade, CBC's country-music program, was a take-off on a similar U.S. show, so were some CBC panel and interview programs. This season however, look for a split between American and Canadian TV trends.

Live shows, which are giving way to film on U.S. networks, will become more than ever a prime part of CBC programming. Of 19 hours a week scheduled and up to now in the select 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. time area, CBC next season will show 11 and a half live. Eight hours is produced in Canada.

Drama shows, which are dropping out of sight in the U.S. (there will be nine shown nationally on the three major networks compared with 15 two years ago) will hold their own on CBC. GM Theatre will be back and The Unforeseen will replace Go Canada. CBC is also toying with serial dramas and documentaries based on the lives of famous Canadians.

Westerns reaching a peak in the U.S. next season with gunfighting in 22 network shows a week, will have no CBC counterparts.

Variety shows, victims of the Westerns in the U.S., will get top billing on CBC. Although costs ($30,000 a show) are expected to kill Hit Parade, its stars Joyce Hahn and Wally Koster will still sing. They're on CBC contract and the network has lined up 20 hours long variety spectaculars for next season.

FUTURE OF CANADA HOUSE? — Not very Canadian

"CANADA HOUSE will be [illegible] known to every policeman from the Bronx to Brooklyn—a symbol of Canada"—Canadian consul Ray Lawson intending a fund to raise $10 million for a centre for Canadian business and political activity on New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue.

Is Canada House going to fulfill this gaudy promise? Not likely according to present evidence. It's as likely to become a symbol for American Gulf Oil, British Rio Tinto, German Mannex, the Valley Forge Flag Co. which makes American flags, and about 20 other non-Canadian firms willing to pay rent.

The old Fact Canadian business hasn't bottomed to Canada House. The street floor is occupied by a New York antique firm (Jordan's), a New York jewelry store (Ross Russell) and a TCA ticket office. Twenty-eight Canadian millionaires put up $5 million to build the place but New York realtor William Zeckendorf owns half of it and signs on the building, says it's his.

Only 65% of the space on the 26 floors has been rented. Dozens of Canadian firms expected to be part of the show have not shown up. The federal government occupies 8th and 9th floors and pays $150,000 a year rent. But the Canal an delegation to the UN has refused plans to have CPR, CNR, Aluminum Company of Canada and International Nickel among major Canadian companies. In the building now are five Canadians besides TCA: Alcoa, Southern Canada Power, James Lovick Advertising, Shelly Films and the Ontario government.

"I'm frankly disappointed," says visionary Lawson who himself put up $100,000. He expects the building to be filled by spring. "But that's not the point — there aren't enough Canadian firms."

Canada House will be formally opened in mid-September. In August the directors were still looking for a top Canadian to officiate.—PETER C. NEWMAN



ZECKENDORF
Not a full house

SPEED-UP IN SCHOOL — Earlier French, more science

WHEN CANADA'S [illegible] million school children go trooping off to classes in a week or two there'll be good reason for their bug-eyes. They'll see some startling changes.

French will be taught from one to four years earlier right across the nation. Ottawa children will start learning it in Grade 2 instead of 5. Vancouver, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, Toronto and Halifax children will get it in Grade 5 (they previously started in Grades 7 to 9).

Science will be pushed as never before (thanks to Sputnik). Example: Winnipeg high schools for the first time will employ laboratory assistants (university graduates) at $5,400 to help to assist science teachers in assembling apparatus and supervising experiments.

Health programs will be stepped up. When Vancouver sent an inspector to [illegible] Richard in Britain and Scandinavia, he found this spring to bring back some of the toughest (or soft) and [illegible] ents. Ottawa [illegible] boarding, trunk and field skating, and is aiming to correct the problem of student's children.

Streaming (a system of building bright students ahead of those not-so-bright) will become general. At Toronto's Harbord Collegiate a selected 35 students have now started a five-year course with a target to finish it in four years. Toronto's Lawrence is shoving 70 students into a four-year honors maths/language course (target: three years). In Ottawa one third of the students in Grades 11 and 12 will tackle some grade 13 subjects. In Edmonton three public schools will throw out the grade system altogether and let students go as fast as they can (target: five grades in four years). In those who take it.

Lacking: Help for bright young scholars. Calgary is attempting a solution with $100 deferred scholarships to grade 9 honors students who enter university within 5 years. It still needs provincial okay.—CAROL CUMPSTY

BACKSTAGE

BLAIR FRASER reports from BAGHDAD

"Things could be a great deal worse and any day now may become so"



BAGHDAD

OUTSIDE ON THE runway the temperature of Baghdad airport was more than 120 [illegible] but under the [illegible] roof it was only [illegible] a dim, rounded hall [illegible] [illegible] had been [illegible] [illegible] o'clock and we meanwhile had [illegible] nine. It was now half past twelve [illegible] we all looked up hopefully when an airport official came and [illegible] us to move.

"[illegible] must please take other [illegible] Centre seats have been [illegible] for the military."

We went [illegible] to the side of the hall out of range of the fans that kept the temperature bearable. We were about 30 all told — four white-robed sheiks from Kuwait with their veiled and jeweled wives and several children, a dozen other Arabs, mostly Syrians, six home-bound Americans and me. After 20 minutes four colonels came in and sat down under the fans chatting and drinking Coca-Cola, protected from eavesdroppers by rows of empty tables on each side. As we left the hall another four or five more colonels entered and all sat down to lunch at a long table at one end of the room.

The small incident reminded two of us at least of the thing that most disturbs Western observers of the new government in Iraq — the unquestioned domination of the army.

Even though it is outnumbered in the new government the army is obviously in charge in Baghdad. To get an exit permit for instance as even departing transients must do, you still go to the ministry of residence and fill out forms for half a dozen civilian officials. Two of them spent a happy half hour looking through dusty volumes for the record of my last departure from the country a year and a half ago, as if it still mattered. But when you come to the end of the process you do not, as once you did, get your exit visa. You're told to go to the ministry of defense, where a Colonel Saadoon will stamp your passport with the necessary authority to leave. Colonel Saadoon does so in about ten minutes. Obviously it would have been equally good and much quicker to come here in the first place.

What the army wants or intends is a mystery. Until July 14 even the harshest critics of the regime used to say discreetly that Nuri Said, the leopard prime minister, cherished and pampered the army and that so long as he had the army with him he could hold the people down. As it turned out he didn't have the army with him — not the lower ranks — but nobody knew that. Nobody knew a man named Kassem or his hard-boiled deputy Colonel Abdul Salam Arif.

"I thought I'd met every man in the long forces who amounted to anything," a British officer said, "but I never met either of these new boys."

It is becoming a cliché to call Brigadier Abdel Karim Kassem, the youthful-looking soldier who is now prime minister, a dedicated man, on the odd ground that he has never married. The inference is that he was wedded to the revolution. He has an unusually handsome face, a shy but ready smile and the kind of wide-eyed earnestness that often marks the fanatic. But what goes on behind the smooth high forehead and the bright staring gaze is up to now anybody's guess.

Behind and beneath the army is another unpredictable force, the mob. In the first days after the coup army spokesmen were saying two things with great earnestness — one, "We are still friends of the west," two, "This government is the true voice of the people." These statements could not both have been right. Luckily for the Westerners in Baghdad the second is the one that was wrong.

No recent visitor to Baghdad can have the slightest doubt how the people, the city people at any rate, feel about Westerners. They no longer hide their hatred.

On the morning of July 14 when the British embassy was fired by the mob, one British official was stopped while driving to work by a fragment of the crowd, luckily a small one.

"You English?" one of them said. "We killing all English, Americans and French."

"I'm Scottish," was the truthful reply. This confused his questioner apparently and he got away.

On the same morning an Iraqi and a nationalist sympathizer too, worn his European-style hat when he went out to see the excitement. He heard a cry "Inglesi," turned to see a small gang bearing down upon him, the leader pointing to his damning headgear. He snatched it off at once and cried out in Arabic explaining who he was, so they left him unharmed — but they did trample on the hat.

The excitement has cooled but the hatred has not. Foreigners in the streets row now to get the occasional jeer, the occasional shouted insult from some passing urchin — the words are unintelligible but the meaning is not. And if it is clear whom the people hate it is even clearer whom they love — Gamal Abdel Nasser. Brigadier Kassem was unknown to them a month ago as he was to the outer world, but Nasser is a kind of messiah.

In personnel the new government is mainly civilian; only the prime minister and his deputy and the figurehead president are actually soldiers. Some of the new ministers are young unknowns but others have been leading figures in Iraqi politics for years. Most of these belong to Istiqlal, a nationalist opposition party that is called right wing but advocates liberal social and economic reforms. They are certainly not pro-Western in the sense that old Nuri Said was, but neither are they anti-Western as Khrushchov or even Nasser are. Westerners who know them say they are friendly and moderate men, and that is how they impress the visitor who meets them for the first time. They say with great emphasis and a sincerity which there is no occasion to doubt that they want to continue relations of friendship with the West.

In this they do not differ from their military colleagues who also say they want to be friends with all nations including the West. The trouble is that it's impossible to know just what the army means by this or anything else, or indeed whether the army itself knows what it means. The young to middle-aged officers who led Iraq's revolution are militarily skilled — their coup was well planned and astoundingly successful as an operation — but they seem to have no political ideas at all.

Kassem says he has been [illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, but [illegible] would they be allowed to [illegible] more than one party?

"That will be fully considered and debated and it will be decided when the proper [illegible]."

Decided by whom?

He didn't answer this question at all — [illegible] [illegible] be sure that the translator [illegible] Kassem doesn't fully [illegible] though he insists on speaking Arabic so as to be sure of his ground [illegible] English.

[illegible] the same [illegible] when [illegible] out [illegible] intended to [illegible] [illegible] whom [illegible] the calls [illegible] them the [illegible] [illegible] had been [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] been imprisoned for [illegible] old regime — why and [illegible] were they being held now?

[illegible] [illegible] phase is now over [illegible] been restored — we hear [illegible] pattern in one country [illegible] asking questions and [illegible] at once.

[illegible] and then another [illegible] that [illegible] Communist [illegible] to review all political cases and innocent [illegible] real [illegible] released. But it is still an offense in Iraq to be a Communist or to engage in Communist activity. The people now in power used to say the old Nuri government accused many of being Communists who were nothing of the kind and these no doubt will now escape. But the government readily admits it has no present intention of repealing the law against the Communist party or of releasing prisoners who appear to have been real Communists. These will remain in jail.

Apparently then the men in charge of the revolution are not themselves Communists or fellow-travelers, though some of them are members of the left wing socialist Baath party which in Syria at least is almost indistinguishable from orthodox communism. They all speak in a friendly way of the Soviet Union which was one of the first to recognize the new regime in Iraq, but so far they're speaking in a friendly way about everybody.

They can cite some deeds, too, to back up their friendly talk. When the British embassy was fired by the mob on the morning of July 14 the ambassador and most of his staff were still inside and might have been roasted alive. Instead they were taken out and kept safe by a small party of soldiers from the crowd which would certainly have torn them apart. [illegible] for lunch later the same day the new government got the mob off the streets by imposing and enforcing a curfew. The Europeans in Baghdad are devoutly grateful for this move which they think saved the lives of most of them. Prompt apologies were made to the British ambassador for the sack of the embassy and condolences offered for the one British official killed there. These assurances have been accepted by the British not just formally but wholeheartedly — they profess to be fully convinced that the sack was merely the effect of a mob getting out of control and neither the intention nor the wish of the new authorities.

Indeed the relations between the British and Iraqi authorities have been most cordial right from the beginning. The minister of education earnestly requested that the usual recruitment of British teachers for Iraqi schools must still go forward as usual — they want more British teachers, not fewer. In [illegible] been the British garrison at Habbaniyah, the former RAF station now run by the Iraqi air force with a thousand British technicians and their families to help, is being told "We now hope you'll be able to stay on as before," although in fact they have not yet been allowed to do so.

But if everything is so sweet and everything so lovely, why was the revolt ever staged against Nuri Said, King Faisal and their ostensibly pro-Western government?

From educated and sophisticated Iraqis, both in and out of the government, it's easy to get a rational, plausible answer to this question. They rather overwork the phrase "corruption and tyranny" — reporters soon began calling it "C & T" — but when challenged they can say what they mean in great detail.

The corruption, they say, was not so much in outright theft or graft as in the intention of all good things for a favored few. Parliaments no less than governments were appointed, chosen from a well-entrenched family compact or from upstarts who had managed to toady their way into favor. For a man with ministerial backing any good job was open; for a man without it no good job was open regardless of ability or qualifications.

Even more fundamental was the way in which the much advertised development program left the social structure of Iraq undisturbed. The rural Iraqi's social structure, feudal, is grossly flat [illegible] all the lands of landlords and none of the [illegible]. The sheiks who are the great landowners do nothing at all in most cases for their destitute tenants; they simply take half to two thirds of the crop giving no service in return.

Up to now the biggest fraction of development spending, which totaled nearly $200 million last year, has been on irrigation and flood control. Thus its effect has been to increase land values while leaving the land itself in the same hands, making the rich richer and the poor no better off.

All this would be exasperating enough in a poor country. But Iraq is rich. It is literally true that the development board has not known how to spend all the money oil has provided for it. As Muhammad Hadid, the new minister of finance said, "About the only problem Iraq has not got is a financial problem."

Hadid is a middle-aged [illegible] intelligent [illegible] his education and his [illegible] from the London School of Economics in the days of Harold Laski. He is not was a member of the Ahali party, a liberal democratic movement of the 1930s, and he believes in democracy and a liberal approach to social reform. Hadid has often said that he thinks Iraq should continue to cooperate with Western [illegible] in his opinion Iraq [illegible]

Listening to such [illegible] to the Oxford-educated [illegible] Shabib with his British [illegible] even more British [illegible] [illegible] the Iraqi revolution [illegible] almost bloodless [illegible] outcome and [illegible] installation instant [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Unquestionably this [illegible] themselves regard it. If they have their way, that is all it will ever be. But will they have their way?

If by some miracle of [illegible] the new government can put [illegible] Iraq's affairs quickly in order, bring [illegible] and obvious rise in the welfare of [illegible] poor and avoid annoying Nasser [illegible] it continues the friendship with the West, all will be well. If not, it will feel itself the pressure of the mob, perhaps also the pressure of the lower ranks in the army, and there can be no doubt which direction that pressure would take.

It is impossible now and will be difficult even in future to tell just what is happening in Iraq. The censorship, even by Middle Eastern standards, is pathologically sensitive. At the moment every despatch to the West is read either by the minister of guidance himself, Siddiq Shanshal, or by one of two senior assistants. All three consider that the censor is an editor — they will hold up copy with such remarks as "If I were you I'd have said that differently; you imply a certain reflection on our country."

Some uncensored dispatches have been smuggled out but this is difficult, for the army officers who search luggage at the airport have a special eye for manuscript. I had heard this, and took care to destroy all I had with me. The officer nevertheless took out a sheet of nearly new carbon paper, held it up to the light, rubbed it with his thumb and finally asked, "May I destroy this?"

In circumstances like these it will be hard to know for a long time to come what is really happening in Iraq. The most that can be said at the moment is that things there could be a great deal worse. Any day now, they may become so. ★



NASSER: [illegible]

THE ARMY AND THE MOB



KASSEM: [illegible]

Editorial

THE PRINCESS AND THE DON:

a moral for all Canada

THE MOST RIDICULOUS EPISODE of Princess Margaret's visit could also be the most rewarding. We refer to the Queen of the Dedonized Don.

The Don is a river in Toronto. It is many people naturally believe rivers are living things with faults and virtues and personalities of their own. The Don has been both the hero and the victim at one of the most affecting transformations of our time.

The Don and its problems first came to ridge upon it as a veritable stinking hunk among rivers. When most rivers have a high and dry between their banks of giant and gleaming chum, the Don barely wallows past steaming shambles of old tin cans, beer bottles, playing bugs and mind. Other rivers carry the Don belches. Other rivers emit colonial fragrances. The Don merely smells.

All of this was ordained many scores of years ago. Then the Don was still cool and clean and full of promise. Then a great city began to grow around it. Then the Don fell prey to the universal New World habit of treating the gift of nature as a combination of public nuisance and public convenience: things to be used, soiled, finally uprooted and driven by wherever the doing of such a deed will earn any individual business or municipality a dollar's profit, save a dollar's expense or postpone an hour's trouble. The Don became a floating garbage dump. Prudent Torontonians tried to avoid it and forget it.

But suddenly the Don could neither be avoided nor forgotten. Under the plans for the Princess' brief visit to Toronto, Her Royal Highness was to spend the night in a private railway car and the car was to be parked on a siding right beside the Don.

With the deadening of the whole city turned on the hapless Don as on an abandoned criminal. Editorial writers deplored. Citizens protested. Alderman Konrad Prime stricken, the City Hall decided to clean up the river. Patriotic members of the civil service rushed at it with hoses, buckets, pails and dippers, with shovels, rakes and barrows, hauled scum from its surface by the ton and the vat covered its banks with fumigating, sterilizing pumpkin deodorants with the highest aromatic degree. A brigade much lacerated by the rhyme writers and public relations people of the city's services was quickly painted and tried out on the Don.

And so, having been scrubbed, immunized, pomaded, disinfected and deodorantized to within an inch of its life, this Rap Emm this Bubbling Cringpuss of a river had its hour of thankful glory, and the Princess and then went back to being an unheard unwashed self again.

There, no doubt, the pathetic episode has ended. But it need not and there in Canada's cities. Fortunately, being only one among them, are still capable of realizing and admiring what a city may do with a river. Many and large, with their many lakes and rivers. Almost every one of our major cities in its formative days lived in constant fetch with almost every one proceeded with the natural haste to turn its own stretch of water and often many of its other characteristics into a nuisance through the sewage and effluent waste. Still more damaging, the purchase, fetch and forget river on which the health of all bodies of fresh water ultimately depends has been ruthlessly rooted up beside the mountains and beside streams like. In some cases and the Don may well be one of them, it is perhaps already too late for reclamation and repair. But the job must be undertaken and pressed through without cessation or delay—not as a foolish temporary and vaguely mauling courtesy to a distinguished visitor but as a genuine act of public conscience. If it puts to mind to us of this the humiliating truth of the River Don will not have been endured in vain.

Mailbag

- Is inflation cutting our 1 dollar to 2 size?
- How five housewives feel about their jobs
- Bigger and better universities or more universities?

LET US HOPE the views expressed by Bruce Hutchison (We're being deceived by the Recession, Aug. 2) will be taken to heart both by the public and by the so-called Conservative but most radical government Canada has seen.

If inflationary policies of illusionary prosperity are not reversed by the time we cash in the 25-year nonversion loan the buying power of a dollar will have shrunk to where it will take a wheelbarrow load to buy a postage stamp!—C. I. TANI TARGENT EYRE, SASK.

Dr. Endicott a Red?

In Pro new Daily 191 I am referred to as a big name Red along with others (Bankings with the Communists). This is completely untrue. My only interests for some years have been in the Canadian Peace Congress and the World Council of Peace. I trust you will correct your error and mind your ways.—DR. JAMES ENDICOTT, TORONTO

An [illegible] Dr. Endicott's public record shows Maclean's editors feel they were perfectly accurate in describing him as a Red — one who consistently supports and does not criticize the policies of the Communist empire.

Lucky housewives?

I am a British housewife and have only been in Canada three months, but this has been long enough for me to appreciate the truth of Patricia Clarke's article Stop Pitying the Underworked Housewife, Daily 191. Canadian house wives just don't realize how lucky they are in their convenient houses. They don't appreciate the quality of the food they buy or the general ease of their life. I have no wishing machine and no electrical cleaning appliances, but with two small children and a husband to care for, I still have an amazing amount of free time.—MRS. JEAN MOSE, LONDON, ONT.

According to Patricia I should be pending more time sipping cooling drinks. Where are her children while she sits there sipping hers. She can't comply for them away it eight and it for to them again it six.—MRS. [illegible] HURTGEN, SASK.

[illegible] hurt Mrs. Clarke. The only disadvantage of housekeeping is the deadening of the mind by repetition of menial chores. This pitfall is easily avoided by reading.—TERRY R. A. MESSENGER, HIGH RIVER, ALTA.

I doubt that any man can afford a cook, housemaid a governess, a latin dress on any average man's income.—MRS. LILY QUAN, ROYAL OAK, B.C.

In June the myth of overworked housewives was exploded. Nowhere is there a job with more freedom, better hours and better pay.—MRS. GERI MARTENS, TORONTO.

Now it's "fabulous" B.C.

I trust that the gentleman from Windsor who is fed up with B.C. (July 5 Mailbag) represents no one but himself. You can take it from this west coaster I am forced thankfully to leave nasty B.C. settlers who decided to throw their lot in with Canada rather than the U.S.



If our country's most fabulous and fascinating corner keep hiding it over the head with it — the more the better!—MAURICE BIBLE, MONTREAL.

The birth control pill

How Good Is the Birth Control Pill? by John C. Daniel (July 19) promptly ignores the high purpose of marriage and debases the love upon which every Christian marriage should be based.

I hope all proponents of artificial birth control have a merry time reducing their own numbers on the earth before we won't participate want them around anyway.—MRS. THURSDAY, ENGLE, LONDON, ONT.

Where to spend education $$$

In Pro new (August 2) John Gray suggests I have led opposition to a new west-coast university. By news, this is soon what misleading. I feel I should point out that I am not in principle opposed to the development of other universities throughout the country. I am opposed, however, to misleading students about the value of the education they may get in institutions that are not first class, and to the wasteful dissipation of public funds.

In the province this people have not been able to grant enough money to finance one first class university, we still operate with over 300 old maps, huts. To withdraw from this mediocrity merge now available, to fit to finance new institutions could only have one result and that most disastrous to the standards of education in B.C.—N. A. M. MACKENZIE, PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. ★

WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOUR CHILD . . .
THE SIZE OF HIS HOME OR THE SIZE OF HIS MIND?

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by O. J. Chapman Brodiny

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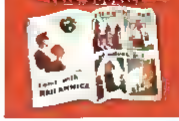
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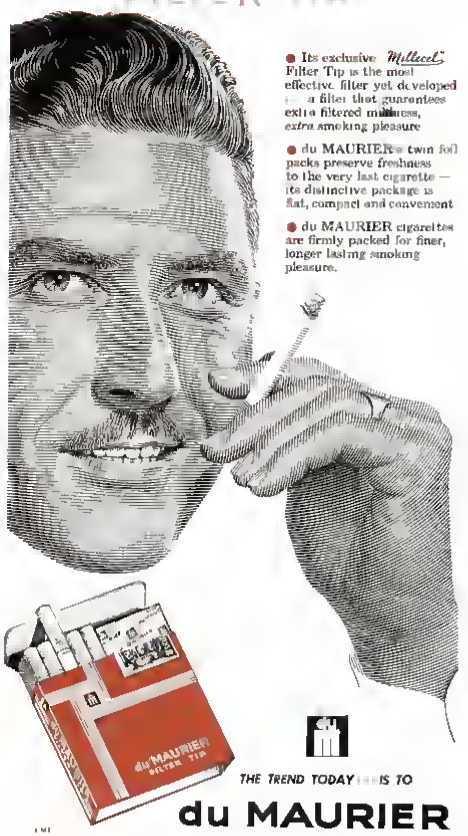
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THE COVER

If you live in B.C. you won't be seeing Duncan Macpherson's painting of the scoreboard at Maple Leaf Stadium. It catches the game in the bottom half of the fourth inning. Toronto is ahead three to one and is judge by the expressions the scoreboard attendants are wearing. The home team has a rally going. But in B.C. the crowd shows a policeman's profile. It's an experiment you can learn all about if by turning to page 47

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For the sake of argument



BERTRAND RUSSELL URGES

Let's stay off the moon

My generation was familiarized in boyhood with the idea of travelling to the moon by Jules Verne who wrote admirable science fiction and stimulated the imagination of adventurous youth. I still remember how vividly the thrill with which I read his story called From the Earth to the Moon. But I hardly thought, and I suppose that other young readers hardly thought that an actual journey to the moon might become possible during the lifetime of those who were enjoying Jules Verne's fantasies. Yet this is what has been happening. Already the technical capacity exists to send a projectile to the moon. As yet such a projectile cannot be made large enough to carry human beings on the journey. But there is reason to expect that before many years have passed it will become possible for men to land on the surface of our satellite. The thought of such an adventure is exciting, especially to those who are still young. But those who are no longer young are troubled by doubts and hesitations as to whether the conquest of the moon will really do anything to ameliorate our human lot. I see arguments on both sides, and I shall try to set them forth impartially, without any attempt to reach a dogmatic conclusion.

Perilous progress

Let us first attempt to see the question in a context of past technical achievements. When I was a boy electric light had just been invented, and telephones were still regarded as a rare curiosity. The fastest thing on the road was the push bicycle, which was regarded with apprehension as a danger to pedestrians and a cause of terror to horses. I was grown up when I first saw a motor car, and nearly forty when I first saw an aeroplane. In World War I everybody marveled when the Germans constructed a gun which would carry a shell some seventy miles. Those who are still young do not easily apprehend how much that is now commonplace in daily life is of quite recent invention.

It is not only in the sphere of new inventions but also in that of adventure that our age is making unprecedented advances. When I was young large parts of Africa were still unexplored, and both poles had so far remained unreached. Mt. Everest remained for a time the last interesting challenge for the explorer. But it yielded at last to the ardent spirit of adventure. Love of adventure has been a distinctive human characteristic ever since men began to be civilized, and I think it is a characteristic deserving of all the admiration which is usually given to it. I should not wish to see it decay or be stifled. I am a bit doubtful as to how I feel about many recent developments. Such general considerations do not enable us to form a judgment as to the moon project. We must consider it in detail.

Pitiless publicity

The first question that arises is whether people will be able to live on the surface of the moon or whether they will have to remain in earth-ships a few hours or days. The moon has no atmosphere. continued on page 45

LORD RUSSELL IS THE WEST'S MOST EMINENT PHILOSOPHER

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

When is adultery news?

Every now and then the London newspapers decide they are not only the purveyors of news but are themselves news. Thus there has broken out a three-cornered battle between a lively tabloid, the Daily Mirror, and the vigorous but respectable Sunday Observer, which is owned by the Astor family. If the row gets any worse they will soon be referring to each other in the Dickensian style of "you reptile, you contemporary."

The cause of the quarrel was the announcement by Lady (Molly) Huggins that she was about to sue a well-known husband, Sir John Huggins, for divorce. According to Lady Huggins her husband had not only deserted her but had gone to the Continent in company with a woman who lived in the same part of the English country side as the Huggins family, which incidentally—reminds three grown up daughters. In other words it was not exactly a case of hot young blood in the moonlight, so

It is understandable that newspapers will give more space and headlines to the marital infidelities of well-known people than to those prominent by social unimportance. No one is to blame for that. News is news and person-



Lady (Molly) Huggins the press wrote endlessly about her wrongs

alities make news. Sir John Huggins is a distinguished retired naval officer and one of the men who was given not of Jutland not very long ago. His blond, vibrant wife, universally known as "Molly," is not only flint-negative but is a Tory candidate in search of a parliamentary seat.

Therefore it is understandable that the popular newspapers went all out on the news that Sir John and his lady friend had left for the Continent. Reporters and photographers flew across the channel in search of pictures and copy. The dignified ex-governor had become bigger news than a film star.

Scandals nobody mentions

Whereupon the Sunday Observer decided that the popular press, especially the Daily Mirror, should be castigated for the blatant way in which the story had been presented. After an opening paragraph denouncing "Entertainment journalism" which fattened upon personal scandals" it declared:

"Ordinary scandalous behavior by ordinary people is ignored. The scandals of the powerful—those who might be able to hit back, either by appealing successfully to public sympathy or by withholding advertising or by nobbling proprietors or editors—are also best ignored."

So far the Sunday Observer had contented itself with describing those who were too important or too unimportant to be attacked by the press. Who then was left to be exploited? The Observer asked that question and then proceeded to answer it.

"This leaves as suitable targets for scandal-mongering two categories. Those who look important or respectable but run not power ful and ordinary people whose eccentricities or bad luck put them into criminal or extraordinary situations thus depriving them of the protection of belonging to the herd."

In other continued on page 46



Look who's wearing her 'immediate cash adjustment'!

Gracious! What next? A body can hardly keep up with things these days. What with dogs spinning around in the sky and all. And now all this excitement about changing over your Victory Bonds. I *was* sorry to see mine go. Had it so long you know. But when the young man at the bank explained that these *new* bonds paid more interest. Well! I know a good thing when I see it. And besides, he gave me a nice cash adjustment — which I straightaway spent on a new bonnet. Like it?

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Why do we hate the police?



A Maclean's national survey: By Sidney Katz

WHY do citizens often stand by while policemen are beaten by toughs?

WHY are witnesses often reluctant to report crimes or give testimony?

WHY do police methods sometimes bring charges of brutality?

WHY are minor offenders sometimes killed by police weapons?

These or other abuses in the cold war between police and citizens are reported every day. Here are the reasons and some solutions that might work

Harold J. Mandelker, a hefty thirty-five-year-old Montreal garment salesman, has achieved widespread attention for a somewhat surprising reason: he loves policemen. For the past ten years Mandelker, a bachelor, has been spending every spare moment and dollar preaching to whoever will listen that "policemen are human beings," that "they're not ugly punks who push the public around," and that "they're not godless but have religious sentiments like the rest of us."

In recognition of his efforts, grateful police departments in Ottawa, Montreal and New York have showered him with praise and created him an honorary member of their respective organizations.

That anyone who publicly confesses a liking for the police should be the object of so much publicity reflects a curious phenomenon of our time. Nobody seems to like policemen any more. A few decades ago the stereotype of the policeman on the beat was that of a friendly and kindly man who knew all the children, housewives and merchants along the way. He was society's staunch champion against evil and only the criminal had reason to fear him. Today this warm and agreeable image seems to have vanished. The policeman has become a fearsome stranger who poses a threat to

Continued on next page

Why do we hate the police?

CONTINUED

everybody. At times he appears as a malevolent figure on a motorcycle, issuing citizens as he hands out expensive traffic tickets. At other times, he's seen as a species of sub-human whose favorite haunt is the noise-proof basement of the police station where he mercilessly interrogates suspects or callously beats confessions out of them. Everyone seems to malign and dislike the police nowadays," says Mandelker.

This opinion is shared by many court officers, lawyers, and even policemen. V. J. Campbell, chief of police at Sydney, N.S., says, "People of all classes seem to have a general distaste for the police." Inspector J. P. Gilbert of Montreal reports that at football games his men dread crossing the field because of the crowd's

"Five teen agers whacked away with baseball bats at two RCMP officers. Fifty spectators looked on in amusement"

hooliganism. In Brantford, Ont., last month, a motorist drew up to the side of the highway where two traffic officers were operating a radar meter and called them "highway robbers." He cheerfully paid a fine a few days later. In Edmonton, motorists expressed their distaste of police radar traps by posting signs for the benefit of approaching drivers which read "Caution—cops ahead." Policemen feel that widespread use of the word "cop" is in itself an indication that they are held in low esteem. Recently, one of the nation's top policemen, Toronto Police Chief John Chisholm, ended his life by putting a bullet through his head. Overwork and public criticism unquestionably contributed to his death. It was significant that he took his life just at the conclusion of a lengthy public hearing in which the police were accused of beating confessions out of three youths.

The present unpopularity of the police is reflected in the failure of citizens to come to their aid when they're set upon by ping-uglies. "People no longer seem to think that the police are on their side," says Magistrate C. O. Bick, chairman of the Toronto Metropolitan Police Commission. "Instances of this non-co-operation have become commonplace. In Windsor, Ont., recently, when Constable Frank Chanvin was attempting to arrest an unruly eighteen-year-old, he was attacked by six youths who choked him with his tie, clobbered him on the head, and kicked him as he lay on the ground gasping for breath. And in the town of Chemainus, B.C., fifty miles north of Victoria, five teenagers whacked away with baseball bats at two RCMP officers while fifty spectators looked on in amusement.

"We're not getting enough help from the public in conducting investigations," says Ben Bozan, chief of CPR police who is president of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police. A Montreal resident, comfortably seated in his second-floor apartment, nonchalantly looked on one night while a burglar struggled for an hour to open a safe in a store across the street. He mentioned it to neighbors the next morning, but not to the police. In the same city, a gang of hoodlums entered a crowded tavern and proceeded to demolish the furniture, glasses and decorations. When the police arrived two minutes later, everyone kept mum.

In the opinion of H. A. D. Oliver, a Vancouver lawyer who was formerly a solicitor in the Supreme Court of England, the reason most people dislike the police is obvious. "They (the police) show a lack of respect for the public," he says. "Their manner is arrogant. They approach everyone indiscriminately as if they were dealing with known criminals. The attitude he described could very well be illustrated by an interview a Maclean's reporter had with a Vancouver detective. "Any time I grab a boy who says he's from Montreal, I figure there's something wrong with him. He usually turns out to be a cat burglar. There's about eighty thousand Frenchmen back east who've got nothing better to do than come out here to the white man's country and keep us busy."

The frequent failure of police to respect the legal rights of citizens who are taken into custody has been repeatedly criticized. A case in point is that of Neil Robinson, age twenty, who, when he discovered that he was wanted on a charge of grievous assault, walked into a Montreal police station to give himself up and plead not guilty. By law, he was entitled to have access to a lawyer and to be arraigned in court within twenty-four hours. Neither of these conditions was met. Robinson was held incommunicado for three days. Judge Raymond Roche of the criminal court castigated Robinson's jailers. "The police are not observing the law," he said. "This sort of thing has been happening frequently and it must cease."

Montreal is not the only city where the rights of the individual are being flouted. Tom O'Neil, a Toronto lawyer, recently declared that "every night somewhere in Toronto an accused person is not allowed to speak to his lawyer or notify friends or relatives that he's been arrested."

Apart from the discomfort, the chief hazard to the citizen of being kept incommunicado is that the police might use this period to obtain a statement or confession of guilt. If the confession is to be used as evidence in court it must be given freely and voluntarily. Among many criminal lawyers the impression exists that, in the words of Stan Goerwell, a Winnipeg lawyer, "nine out of ten confessions are not voluntary." Suspects frequently charge that the police obtain their statements by the use of prolonged interrogation, threats, promises and sometimes physical assault. Sometimes an innocent person confesses, to put an end to the ordeal. Early this year, in Prince George, B.C., two RCMP constables took a suspect to the outskirts of town and beat him until he confessed to the crime with which he was charged. Six months later, someone else admitted he had committed the offence. The two RCMP officers were promptly fired. (One of them was just as promptly hired by the Victoria police department.) A few years ago, in a Kingston courtroom, police officers produced a written statement covering three loose-leaf pages which they claimed to be the confession of a woman charged with murder. Yet the accused had been certified by two provincial psychiatrists as being an imbecile incapable of coherent speech. Her lawyer, H. E. Cartwright, recalls, "I myself talked to her every day for several weeks and failed to get a single intelligible sentence out of her." Like many others, this confession was thrown out of court.

The most frequently voiced charge against the police is that they use too much brawn and not enough brain in making arrests. The Criminal Code permits officers to use as much force as is reasonably necessary to take a man into custody. Many jurists feel that the policeman's interpretation of the word "reasonable" is frequently quite unreasonable. In Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., for example, Mike Heydalo and Peter Chanas, two old friends, were having a tussle on the lawn in front of one of their homes. The police arrived on the scene. Although the evidence presented later suggested that the wrestling match could have been broken up in a friendly way, both of the men were viciously clubbed over the head with a blackjack, one requiring eighteen stitches, the other twelve. They were then shoved into the police paddy wagon with their hands handcuffed behind their backs. At that point, one of the officers grabbed the private parts of one of the prisoners and squeezed until he howled with pain. Later, Magistrate H. D. Peterson reprimanded the arresting officers for their brutal tactics.

Nothing could condone the force used to arrest these suspects," he said.

When police officers used their guns—instead

Some policemen are as trigger happy as the criminals

of their blackjacks—unnecessarily, public resentment runs even deeper. "Some policemen are as trigger happy as the criminals they seek to arrest," Gregory T. Evans, Q.C., criminal lawyer practicing in Timmins, Ont., said recently. In Montreal a few years ago, after six constables had been punished for the reckless use of firearms in a few months, then Mayor Jean Drapeau threatened to disarm the police force. One of the victims was a fourteen-year-old boy who was shot through the back while fleeing from a car which was thought to be stolen. He was left permanently paralyzed from the waist down. In New Westminster, B.C., Ronald Byers, a twenty-two-year-old airman, was a passenger in a car which was reported stolen. Three officers each took three shots at the vehicle. One of the bullets hit Byers in the chest and killed him. A court eventually made a judgment of $7,660 in costs and damages against the constable who had fired the fatal shot, and each member of the New Westminster force voluntarily paid fifty dollars to provide the money. The upshot may be revealing: the police have taken out a one hundred thousand dollar insurance policy to protect them in future cases of this kind. "If the city won't stand behind us."

Unfortunately, however, for the reputation of police departments, the impression exists that policemen seldom have to pay for their misdeeds. "It's remarkable how often constables are charged with and exonerated on charges of beatings and other improprieties," says Magistrate H. D. Peterson of the Algoma District in northern Ontario. Perhaps the reason is that the offending officers are tried by their superiors or by the local police commission. If these officials find a man guilty they are, in effect, casting reflection on their own worth. The value of the present system of trying police officers was sharply questioned by an incident that occurred in Toronto in 1954. As a result of a fracas after a football game, two young men, Robert Wright and Michael Griffin, were arrested and taken to the police station. Both men later claimed that they were held incommunicado for several hours. One of the men, Wright, accused the police of hitting him in the face and kicking him as he lay helpless on the ground. Because of widespread public interest in the case, Justice W. D. Roach of the Ontario Supreme Court was asked to conduct an enquiry. After listening to a long succession of witnesses, Roach reported that the accusations made by the two young men were substantially correct. He described the behavior of the police as "shocking" and stated that there was "no place for this kind of thing in our system of law." Yet the officer who had been found guilty of physical assault appeared before the deputy chief of the Toronto police force and was exonerated. He's still a member of the police force. Evidently, commented a Toronto newspaper, "it's possible for a Toronto policeman to beat up a prisoner and get off scot free even when he's found out!"

Despite such frequent unflattering comment, many police departments—far from pessimistic about the present state of police public relations. "We're not out after popularity," says C. E. Rivett-Carnac, deputy commissioner of the RCMP. Several chiefs of police, like James K. Kettles of Saskatoon, feel that the press has made the police look worse than they are. "Newspapers automatically report accusations against cops by individuals before we have a chance to investigate them," he says. "Although the accusations often prove to be baseless, an unfavorable impression lingers in the public mind." Yet despite this, Kettles agrees with Chief Robert Taft of Winnipeg that in certain communities there's more mutual respect between the police and public than ever.

Taft cites Winnipeg as an example. "Police officers frequently address service clubs, church groups and parent-teacher associations. They belong to a variety of service, social and philanthropic organizations. Officers in uniform, local school children through their various safety programs." For every complimenting letter we get from the public we get more than two which praise us," said Taft, inviting a Maclean's reporter to examine his correspondence files. A lady wrote thanking the police for going to great lengths to save her dog. A woman who had appealed to the police when she was unable to get her doctor to tend her husband, who had suffered a heart attack, wrote, "I'll never forget your kindness and sympathy." A poultry dealer whose establishment had been burglarized marveled at the speed

The policeman has become a stranger in his community

with which the criminal was apprehended — there were dozens of similar letters in Taft's files.

Every police department receives correspondence of this sort. The preponderance of unfavorable publicity that they receive nonetheless is attributed by Ben Bouzan in part to ineptness of public relations. As a recent speaker told a meeting of the Canadian chiefs of police: "Most people haven't the slightest idea how difficult and complex the duties of the policeman have become." There's a good reason for it. In the last thirty or forty years the environment in which the policeman works has changed completely.

First, the relationship between the officer and the citizen has become an impersonal one. Law enforcement used to be a leisurely business. The policeman pounded his beat on foot, and when the police became mechanized this intimacy vanished. Other changes have also made for impersonality. With the advent of the forty-hour week, officers are constantly shifted from one district to another. Again, the police force itself has become a complex organization made up of small groups of specialists. All these factors have helped make the policeman a stranger in his community.

The second big change is that the police have broadened their scope of activity. In the old days the police spent most of their time foiling and ferreting out criminals. In this task the good citizen was the constable's willing ally. "But today," says G. Douglas Gourley of Los Angeles, the author of an impressive study on police public relations, "police work is no longer concerned with a small outlaw group. At least ninety percent of police contacts are not with criminals but with good citizens." In these contacts a policeman's job is to enforce legislation which continued on page 38



A Maclean's [redacted] feature

Holiday weekend in Montreal

Here is an open introduction to the fascinations of the continent's most flavorful city, revisited by a famous novelist who once lived, worked and played there

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM TATA



THE OLD TOWN in the ancient heart of Montreal they gazed at Bonsecours, the Mariners' Church where the votive lights are suspended in ships' models.



THE OLD DAYS: Callaghans relive them with Jack Rogers (left)—once Slotkin of Slotkin and Slotkin's—at his new steak house

For two years my wife and I hadn't been in Montreal and we were going back for a weekend. On a Friday night at ten thirty we got off the train and began the long walk into the Windsor Station. I said: "I had forgotten that you walk in from Cornwall." I said. But we hadn't forgotten how hard it is to get a taxi at the station. You stand there waving pathetically to the taxis that turn into the taxi stand and even slow down but just to fool you, it seems, for they are already taken. So we went around to Peel to cut one off. Standing on the cobblestone hill we looked up at the blaze of neon lights with the mountain rising darkly behind and I was filled with nostalgia for all the old places.

In the past friends have complained that Montreal to us is just that metropolitan area stretching from the railroad stations to the mountain and bounded on the west by the Forum and on the east by St. Catherine's far as St. Lawrence with occasional side trips east to the ball park or down to St. James and the city hall in old Montreal and night visits to Westmount. But it is like complaining that a man doesn't love New York who hasn't a map of the suburbs in his head. In downtown Montreal the two cultures have met and so the environment is not like any other in Canada. The thing about Montreal, and we felt it again standing on Peel looking up at the pattern of lights on the mountain, is that it seems to promise each time some new little twist in your life.

On the way up Peel in the taxi we looked for those barouches that line up at the curb by the square like the hacres line up in Central Park in New York. At that hour they weren't there.

Then when we reached Dorchester changes in the face of the town began to strike us. Over to the right and below, of course, we could see the giant new Queen Elizabeth Hotel, and that was a change in the skyline, but the real shock came from Dorchester Street itself. The old street with its shabby little shops, its looming houses, its small restaurants and those places where anything was apt to happen and did is gone. Those continued over page



[illegible] the girls at Dunn's three-level night club [illegible] at the door. Maury Kaye's band played progressive jazz with volume to spare.

In dim bistros and bright salons the Callaghans relished jazz, poetry and fine food



COOL. The band at Dunn's gave way to Leonard Cohen who read poems to a cool piano played

AS YOU LIKE IT they dined at the Cafe Martin "old quiet assured. The service was excellent." →



bookie joints and brothels those . . . I mean the street even looked too well lighted now. In the old days, leaving Sinkin and Stokkins at three in the morning I used to walk east feeling a little apprehensive once I got past Guy. Now the life that was once lived there seemed to have been taken up. The new wide avenue is a throughway now.

At the Dorchester and Peel corner we were within a few minutes of all the chief Montreal hotels. Since we had allotted ourselves a hundred dollars for the weekend we naturally did a little talking about the price of a double room. At the most expensive hotels we knew we would have to pay fifteen or sixteen dollars a night. There were cheaper and comfortable hotels for much less. Moreover, we had a choice in flavor of atmosphere we couldn't have found in any other city on the continent with the possible exception of New Orleans. If we had wanted a new modern American hotel with a sky view of the mighty river and the mountain then the Elizabeth would have been our haven at the top prices. Since we're from Toronto, you might say that the Mount Royal—being like the Royal York, would have fitted us like a glove—and in the Piccadilly Room if I had been a businessman I'd have been bound to see some of my traveling colleagues and felt I hadn't really left home.

As a matter of fact we could have got out of the taxi right there at the Dorchester corner and had a choice of the old and new for there the Windsor and the Laurentien confront each other—the old Windsor having its face lifted after a fire and the Laurentien, new and bright. The Windsor, I daresay, still has its air of grandeur, its big rooms and its fine food—and its Embassy room where we used to feel we were drinking with Montreal people rather than with visiting firemen. It's the hotel royalty goes for. At least they seem to hold their banquets there. Well we weren't royalty.

Some smart friends of mine who like the same kind of atmosphere that we do sometimes say "Why don't you go to the La Salle and save three or four dollars a night?" Well we often have. It's a smaller French place, a little hotel with a big restaurant over on Drummond. At some time or another everyone you know seems to have stayed there and I remember once rubbing shoulders with that infamous stripper Lili St. Cyr, a Montreal legend in the lobby. Anyway you can get just about what you want in hotels to suit your purse. I haven't tried the old Queen's, but I know it is dear to Montreal gourmets. And up on Sherbrooke there's the reasonably priced Berkeley—with its street cafe where you can sit in the summer evenings and kid yourself you are in Paris.

Then why were we in our taxi going beyond Dorchester and St. Catherine and up to the Ritz on Sherbrooke Street where we would pay sixteen dollars a night? Old memories I suppose. It's truly French—it has a kind of opulence and ease and besides I can't look at the elevator in the Ritz without remembering those characters I've found myself alone with mounting slowly: Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, Joel McCrea and Mayor Houde the stars of that vintage used to head for the Ritz and still do.

We have always liked that first glimpse you get of Sherbrooke as you step out of the taxi at the hotel the handsome street with its old stone mansions, the lighted windows of the elegant little shops and the trees—nothing here had changed at all.

A man and his wife coming into a hotel at that hour might be expected to unpack, relax, have a cup of coffee and be out bright and early in the morning to look the town over. No sooner had we sat down, though than the telephone rang. It was an old friend. Ken Johnstone with Denise Pelletier and her husband who said he was in the Air 400 a well known restaurant just around the corner and down the street, where members of the cast of the Plouffe family often go for a bite after their television show. Denise Pelletier is called the first lady of the Montreal theatre. We had heard that the theatre was booming in Montreal. We wanted to hear about it. We wanted to see a play during the weekend. Off we went then to meet Ken and Miss Pelletier and her husband, the photographer Basil Zarov.

"It's a good idea to talk to French people as soon as you get into Montreal," my wife said going down the street.

Too many people visit Montreal and never have a word with the French-speaking citizens. It is easy to do too. You can visit your friends in Westmount, keep to the strictly English-speaking restaurants, read the Star and the Gazette and forget that people of another language are all around you, forget too as a friend of mine in his cups said one night, sitting in a little bistro. "Whatever flavor this town has got the pea soupers give to it because they know how to laugh."

A lack of French though is no handicap to the visitor. French-Canadian Montrealers all seem to speak serviceable English. Even the street signs are bilingual. French on one corner and English on the other. If you tell a taxi driver or a French-Canadian policeman that you want to get to Guy Street he knows you mean Gee Street. Even in the east end beer halls, below the Main where the patrons are all French the waiters, if you speak continued on page 42



Where the money went

Friday evening	
Taxi to hotel	60
Meeting people at An 400 drinks then a snack at Ben's	
Cost for the evening	8 00
	$8.60
Saturday	
Breakfast in Ritz cafe and tip	1 50
Lunch and drinks at Desjardins	12 00
Dinner at Cafe Martin	22 00
Dunn's night club	11 00
Lunches afterwards	3 10
	$51 50
Sunday	
Breakfast at Childs	1 60
Lunch at Dinty Moore's	3 50
Dinner at Ritz	7 00
Theatre tickets	8 00
Taxi to Westmount and return	2 75
Taxi in the morning to Bonsecours and another one to return	2 00
	$24 85
Monday morning	
Breakfast at cafeteria	1 60
Gifts: two shirts at eleven-fifty apiece	23 00
Hotel bill for three nights	51 60
Taxi to station	60
	$76.80
Total expenditure	**$161 75**

The things we won't forget

BEST MEAL: We had it at the Café Martin although it was a conventional meal of roast beef with French pastry. But there was an air of well being about it that we liked.

BEST SIGHTSEEING: Our favorite glimpse of Montreal has always been the line of the mountain against the night sky as you suddenly look up and see the pattern of lights on the shadow against the sky. But if you fly in from the Maritimes the lighted mountain with the gleaming cross at night is impressive. Now everybody agrees that the best view is from the sky-deck of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel from where you can see the mighty river and the mountain.

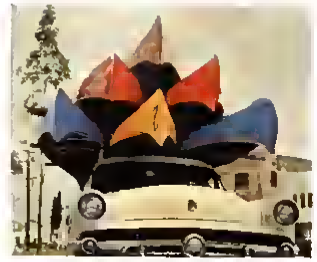
BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT: Our first glimpse of the Queen Elizabeth driving toward it from the east it just suddenly looked like a big grain elevator.

BIGGEST SURPRISE: The willingness with which citizens accepted the curfew on night life while making the easy explanation that a few months would change the situation. Moreover the saloonkeepers seem to take the curfew far more seriously than they took the closing hour in the old days.

SECOND BIGGEST SURPRISE—SHOPPING: Frankly in the hurried rushing around we did we were surprised that you couldn't seem to buy much in the Montreal stores that you couldn't buy in Toronto stores and at pretty much the same price. So there was no best buy. We bought what we wanted: a couple of shirts for our boys.

Now even the canoe is going modern

Canoe-happy kids at camp still use the centuries-old Indian model that made Canada famous but elsewhere the canoe is joining the jet age with glass and aluminum bodies, collapsible frames and mounts for motors. They even piggyback on planes



By Robert Thomas Allen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN LANIER

Paddling their Canadian canoes down the Dalrymple River with the Chocolate Mountains as a backdrop, these U.S. youngsters find adventure afloat in our most romantic export



To most people a canoe has become a birchbark novelty in a tourist shop, a mildly amusing accessory at a kids' camp or just something that rhymed with yore in old-time song lyrics. Yet the canoe developed Canada, opened its frontiers and established its trade and commerce. It brought Christianity to the Indians. It carried Canada's first statesmen and erected her first delinquents. Today it quietly advertises Canada throughout the world. Canadian-made canoes are sold in the United States, England, Germany, Africa and New Zealand and "Canadian canoe" is an official category listed in all Olympic Games reports. To Americans, canoeing in Canada means the genuine experience, like going to the opera in Italy. The canoe has more right to be on the Canadian nickel than either the maple leaf or the beaver.

But although the estimate of 100 thousand canoes sold last year in Canada is a slight increase over former years, when this figure is compared with the increase in Canada's population it means that there are fewer canoes being made per capita, and this when a greater proportion of holidayers are taking to the water than ever before. The canoe, after serving Canada as no other craft for over three hundred years, is going out of date in a world of speed, noise and expensive gadgets. It is being swamped, figuratively and literally, by the power boat. Those who still like to peddle their own canoes don't dare to.

A man at Sturgeon Lake, in Ontario's Kawartha Lakes summer resort region, who has paddled to his cottage every year for fifty years, last summer tacked up his canoe for good when he was strafed six times in a row by power boats.

"You can tell what a storm will do," he told a curious neighbor. "You can't tell what a man in an outboard will do."

There's one last hope for the pleasure canoe. With more and more campers complaining of the noise of power craft and rising restrictions against them, it may have a comeback. Oddly, during summer regattas a great many canoes suddenly appear, then disappear abruptly after the festivities. Jack F. Richardson, general manager of the Peterborough Canoe Company, believes that a lot of the old family canoes are being kept as "second boats." But by and large, the pleasure canoe now holds about the position that the family buggy held for a while after the appearance of the automobile.

The heyday of the pleasure canoe was in the 1920s. Back in the days before high school parking lots were jammed with cars, when hep youths were called "shieks," the canoe was the only place a teen-ager could take his girl outdoors and get away from the mosquitoes. Sheet music for such hit tunes as Peddlin' Madelin' Home went in for covers. **continued on page 32**



What is it about budgies?

They're baleful-eyed escape artists. But already infatuated fanciers have installed a million of these pocket-sized parrots in split-level cages across the land, and they may soon make the dog man's second-best friend

By McKenzie Porter

ILLUSTRATED BY HUS SHORT

Hemmed in by brick-books cages and few of the bird toys that make [illegible] Marcel Mootebeak's world [illegible] Sherlock Holmes [illegible] distinguishes budgerigars [illegible]

Every fifth home in Canada, Great Britain and the United States is imbibited today by a living bauble known as the budgerigar. It's a midget parrot endowed with the colors of a harlequin, the agility of an acrobat and the spunky human morals of the ventriloquist's wooden dolls. These attributes have made the budgerigar the most ubiquitous caged bird in the history of ornithology.

Retailing for between seven and fifteen dollars a specimen at pet stores, department stores, chain variety stores, bazaars, shoe stores, clothing stores, cobblers' shops and even at establishments selling home brewed beer, the budgerigar now outnumbers the old-fashioned canary by ten to one and its big, outmoded cousin the macaw, hooked and cockatoo by hundreds to one.

Since the war the budgerigar population has increased from five thousand to one million in Canada, from one million to ten million in Great Britain and from two million to sixteen million in the United States. Buell Cutler, executive director of the U.S. Pet Birds Institute, predicts that within a decade the budgerigar will "eclipse" the dog as man's favorite species of domestic livestock.

One reason for the growing taste for budgerigars is the trend toward apartment dwelling. Many landlords who prohibit four-legged pets close their eyes to a bird. Another explanation of the budgerigar's popularity lies in the fact that it combines the droll characteristics of the standard parrot with the manageable dimensions of the canary.

Although it is just as tiny as the canary, the budgerigar is not so sweet. Indeed it radiates some of the beaky, beady belligerence of the dinosaurs. Duke of Wellington. About its arrogance, however, there is an aura of ruin. Even when it is performing tricks the budgerigar never loses the sort of expression the Iron Duke might have worn if he'd been captured by the Spaniards and forced into the uniform of a bullfighter.

Beneath the budgerigar's shiny martial countenance is a necklace of polka dots in many vivid hues. The rest of its plumage grows in jasper, topaz and beryl, or in mystic henna and madder, or in any other combination of the most florid greens, yellows and blues. It spends most of its time standing statuesquely on its perch as if petrified by humiliation. Then, to get it out of character, it will suddenly begin to tumble irritably on mini-trapezes and treadmills.

Occasionally it rises its ribbed, wattled head in an agony of boredom and screeches such as continued on page 35

The double life of football's fiercest coach

When JIM TRIMBLE isn't bossing his Grey Cup champions by brute force, his best fans wouldn't know him. Singing tenor in a church choir is only one of the sinister pastimes of the man who calls himself the best coach in football

By Trent Frayne

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN



SAINT: Trimble's voice—he's a tenor—swells the Holy Rosary choir at Aldershot, a Hamilton suburb, every Sunday. He's also the Strawberry Festival's front man.

The toughest team in Canadian football, the mauling steel-tempered Hamilton Tiger-Cats, will endeavor to turn fancy this fall. That much a bear of a man named Jim Trimble, who stands six feet two, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and owns a scuttlet vocabulary, feels it isn't necessary for them to resemble pussycats to repeat their Grey Cup victory of 1957.

Ostensibly talking about his tigers, Trimble is opening a window on himself. He's so tough that at forty he still doesn't tell a football player half his age to do anything he won't try himself. When one of them challenges his authority, as one did last season, he invites him to settle it with fists. As with his football team, might is right.

There's another side to Trimble, however, that possibly explains why he thinks he can fit his assassins with dress suits. When he's not popping off or popping people, he sings in his church choir, has a taste (at that) promotes community strawberry festivals, or gets up at five-thirty in the morning to romp with one or more of his six children.

Unlike most strong men, Trimble is fat from inaction. He talks with an earnestness and flavor and constancy that keeps an audience attentive if not downright hypnotized. He will go anywhere to talk football, spicing his speech with stag party similes. In January and February of this year he made fifty-two after-dinner speeches, traveling widely in Ontario at his own expense to spread the word on the Tiger-Cats. During the football season he appears weekly with Hamilton sports announcer Norm Marshall on a local half-hour television show called This Week in Football, and does a weekly radio program with Marshall called Jim Trimble Reports. He also appears at the weekly Quarterback Club luncheon in Hamilton at which he delivers what he calls "my state-of-the-union address." He gets paid for his radio and TV appearances but has told announcer Marshall: "Apart from retaining my dignity as a business man, I'd do it for nothing." He won't say how much he earns from coaching and these sidelines, but he shudders at the suggestion that it's as low as seventeen thousand dollars a year.

But Trimble is not just an itinerant football coach. He bought a five-bedroom home on property that has a winding stream and numerous fruit trees in the suburb of Aldershot, and he likes his tenor voice in the Holy Rosary choir every Sunday. He's interested in Aldershot's affairs, too. Recently when Hamilton quarterback Barrie Fallon visited the city in the off-season, Norm Marshall wanted to interview him on the air, so he contacted Trimble to line up the player. Later Trimble called Marshall back.

"You want to talk to Fallon, right?"

"That's right, Jim."

Well, now I know where he is, but first I've got an item for you. There's a Strawberry Festival here in Aldershot tomorrow night. There'll be prizes for the largest strawberries—and for the best strawberry pies and strawberry jams and that sort of thing. We want a lot of people out here in Aldershot. Norm, and I know where Fallon is. Do you follow me?"

The suburb got its plug, and Marshall got his interview.

"I think he's part journalist," says Marshall. "You ask him anything and he starts telling you how you can use it."

Trimble is an arresting figure—on camera at the banquet table, and in his football dress-rag uniform. His weight is well distributed on his big-boned frame, his stomach reasonably flat, and his back erect. He has ragged good looks with black curly hair that is beginning to be flecked with grey. His eyes are hazel and look blue against his swarthy features and heavy dark brows. He dresses in conservative fashion. When he puts his players through calisthenics he does the strenuous exercises himself, and he continued on page 29



SINNER: Football is like war, he insists. He won't tell a player half his age to do anything he won't do himself — and he'll throw punches when they argue.

Women are equal—especially

Ellen Fairclough

When she became secretary of state most people thought Ellen Fairclough had scaled the summit for a woman in politics. Now she's boss of the cabinet's touchiest ministry—and still ambitious

BY PETER C. NEWMAN



CABINET WOMAN: She's boss among other things of House history



FAMILY WOMAN: At home in Hamilton she smiles with proud husband Gordon, a printing company owner, and her piano-playing son Herold



WOMAN OF DISTINCTION: Cabinet rank crowds her social calendar. Here she curtsies to Governor General Massey. Right she meets more of the famous



WOMAN'S WOMAN: Before leaving her Chateau Laurier room the minister of citizenship and immigration dresses [illegible] chosen by it: "femininity"



WITH PRINCESS: In Trinidad this spring she and Margaret stand among Commonwealth officials

WITH PRINCE: She checked on international café society with Aly Khan. Other women envied her



When he unexpectedly came to power as prime minister of Canada in June 1957, one of the minor campaign promises John Diefenbaker carried with him was the pledge to include a woman in his cabinet. No one was very surprised when he picked a lady named Ellen Fairclough from Hamilton. Even less was anyone surprised at the portfolio he chose for her—the secretaryship of state, a post which in the cabinet hierarchy traditionally commands the same prestige and complexity as spare goalie on a corner ice hockey team.

It's a job usually handed to loyal but dull backbenchers involving such routine as arrangements for congratulatory telegrams from the Queen for Canadians on their hundredth birthdays or sixtieth wedding anniversaries, and the administration of patent laws. Ottawa pundits confidently predicted that the assignment was in fact the political obituary of Canada's first female cabinet minister.

But following last winter's election, Diefenbaker confounded the experts by promoting Mrs. Fairclough to the senior and sensitive ministry of citizenship and immigration—apparently not merely as a symbol of feminine rights and a source of that sacred political instrument, the women's vote, but as a working statesman capable, in the prime minister's opinion, of doing a tough job as well as any available man.

A chirpy, fifty-three year old political tartly with a vinegarish eloquence, Mrs. Fairclough has during the past year also briefly acted as prime minister of Canada and this country's first woman ambassador—an appointment that rated the temporary title of "Her Excellency."

Her achievements have spectacularly altered Mrs. Fairclough's life, but they have not changed her habits. She still prefers her Scotch on the rocks, enjoys whipping up a pineapple upside-down cake and delights in wearing some of the giddiest hats in Ottawa. She talks quickly with many gestures; her expressive brown eyes highlight a face accustomed to being molded by an infectious smile. Just over five-foot-five, she appears taller because she carries her hundred and twenty pounds with military pride. Her shapely legs are always displayed to the best advantage in sheer hose and size 5½AA high heeled pumps. In an age of close-cropped heads, she has kept her hair long, smoothly waved into an old-fashioned bun. Her only make-up is face powder and a dab of pale lipstick. "I couldn't get that eyelid-shading business straight so I gave up trying," she says.

Mrs. Fairclough is the sixth, and by quite a wide margin the most successful women member of Canada's parliament. Her best known predecessor was Agnes MacPhail, a Labor MP from Flesherton, Ont. first elected in 1921 who was a vocal backbencher for nineteen years. Miss MacPhail, a schoolteacher with a fluttering pince-nez, turned back fifteen hundred dollars of her first year's four thousand dollar House of Commons salary as a protest against "extravagantly high parliamentary salaries."

Mrs. Fairclough's stipend, allowances and tax free expense grants give her an annual income of twenty-seven thousand dollars, making her one of Canada's highest-salaried women. She is also one of Ottawa's busiest politicians. Her staff of thirteen assistants and secretaries (including an associate private secretary who has an assistant) answers an average of two hundred letters a day, most of them dictated or outlined by the minister.

Mrs. Fairclough controls the working lives of the nearly five thousand men and women in her department with masculine firmness. She handles the potentially difficult problem of woman boss and man subordinate, and the even tougher problem of woman boss and woman subordinate, by insisting that her directives be treated as ministerial. **continued on page 27**

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Dominion Jaspé Lino... — the Last word [illegible]



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JASPÉ PINK J740



Pink is the colour of strawberry sodas . . . small babies . . . a mem'rable day. Pink Jaspé joins with teal blue drapes, walls of warm coral, exclamation marks of white to decorate a delightfully cozy room.

JASPÉ IVORY J723

Frost on windowpanes . . . pages that rustle in well loved books . . . a fireplace by candlelight. Ivory is a soothing shade. Add bright yellow walls and brightly drapes — get a roomful of charm and cheer.



JASPÉ GREEN J708



New grass (of course) . . . and a Christmas tree . . . nights of the college prom . . . money! Green is also the colour of coolness and peace—heightened here by tones yellow, sturdy teak, orange cut with a quiet pattern.

JASPÉ BUFF J738

A brown shade — like you'll find in a wooded glen — the wings of a songbird . . . and that's just right for curtains. Wonderful with walls of china blue . . . deep lavender . . . and figure-patterned drapes of red, black, white.





For further inspiration — other room scenes, free illustrated guides on linoleum colour selection, installation and maintenance — write Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **INDISCREET**: This bright romantic comedy brings Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant no doubt at the top of their form in this sophisticated romantic comedy. London is the locale, and the lovers are an unmarried glamour girl of the theatre and a NATO monetary expert who affirm their every devotion short of the altar. Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert are helpful in smaller roles, and the direction of Stanley Donen is adroit.

INTENT TO KILL: Some of the acting is overwrought but the story holds interest in hair-raising circumstances centering in South American president Hirohito Tomi who has just undergone brain surgery in a Montreal hospital. The film is a British production partly shot in Canada from a paperback thriller written —under the pseudonym of "Michael Brian"—by Montreal's Brian Moore, the famous Irish-born author of **Judith Hearne** and other novels. Richard Todd appears as a young doctor whose problems are marital as well as professional.

FATHER PANCHALI: A feminely beautiful story from India, disclosing, with great tenderness, the daily lives of several residents of a village in Bengal.

THE SILENT ENEMY: Evidently based on actual events, this is a terse and tactful war miniature, about the efforts of British frogmen and mine-disposal experts to restrain the Italians who were crippling Allied shipping in Gibraltar in 1941. Without false heroics, Laurence Harvey portrays the bearded young lieutenant who later became the celebrated Commander Crabb.

STAGE STRUCK: Henry Fonda as a Broadway producer and Canada's Christopher Plummer as a young playwright turn in expert performances, and so does Britain's Joan Greenwood as a temperamental star. But the film is fatally weakened by Susan Strasberg's self-indulgent mannerisms in the central role of an ambitious waitress who wants to see her name in blazing lights.

A TIME TO LOVE: In screen form, Erich Maria Remarque's new novel about the Ruhr "put in a pallid appearance" to his **All Quiet on the Western Front**, although it tries hard to reach the same pinnacle. A few individual scenes are powerfully done. Newcomers John Gavin and Lilo Pulver are the young lovers.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Other Victory: War drama. Fair.
The Beatniks: Modern. Good.
The Bridge on the River Kwai: Add to drama. Epic.
The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.
Camp on Blood Island: Drama. Fair.
Chase a Crooked Shadow: British suspense thriller. Good.
Co-Pilot: Suspense. Good.
Desire Under the Elms: Sex drama, recolored here. Dated.
The Enemy Below: War at sea. Tested.
From Hell to Texas: Western. Tired.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
The Goddess: Drama. Fair.
God's Little Acre: Comedy-drama of Deep South. Good.
Gunmen's Walk: Western. Good.
The Hooded Stranger: Drama. Fair.
High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.
Horror of Dracula: Forgettable, middleweight but good of its type.
Hot Spell: Domestic drama. Good.
I Married a Woman: Comedy. Poor.
Initiation Lenorad: Comedy. Fair.
Just My Luck: Comedy. Poor.
The Key: War and love drama. Good.
Kisses Go Further: War drama. Good.
The Law and Jake Wade: Western. Fair.
The Long Hot Summer: Deep South semi-melodrama. Good.
The Mark of the Hawk: African race-hate drama. Fair.
The Matchmaker: Comedy. Fair.
Merry Andrew: Clowned. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Romantic. Fair.
Miracle of Marcelino: Drama. Good.
The Naked Truth: Comedy. Dated.
No Time for Sergeants: Comedy. Fair.
Now That April's Here: All-animation cartoons package. Fair.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
Paris Holiday: Comedy. Fair.
Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.
Proud Rebel: Another drama. Good.
Rooney: Irish comedy. Good.
Run Silent, Run Deep: Submarine drama. Good.
The Sheepman: Western comedy-drama. Good.
South Pacific: Musical. Tested.
Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.
Ten North Frederick: Drama. Good.
This Angry Age: Drama. Quiz.
Vertigo: Mystery and suspense. Good.
The Vikings: Historical adventure drama. Good.
Violent Playground: Drama. Fair.
Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.

Sweet & sour



Why do it yourself?

I've got news for you folks—there's a new trend afoot. Called Don't Do It Yourself. Let me explain how it works.

Suppose your closet door needs fixing. Well, what you do is look in your phone book to the classified section under "carpenters." That's C-A-R-P-E-N-T-E-R-S. You then dial the number or give it to the operator and ask the carpenter (accent on the first syllable) to come fix the door.

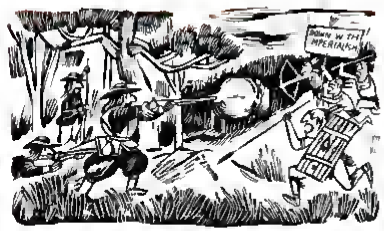
If your kitchen drain is clogged, instead of buying a lot of tools and reading a lot of instructions you get hold of a plumber. Word sound familiar? In the old days there used to be jokes about plumbers forgetting their tools. Now you remember.

Get hold of a dictionary, and look up the meaning of the words "electrician," "painter," "mason" and "paperhanger." It will open up new vistas.

The term Don't Do It Yourself is slightly misleading in that there's one thing you have to do afterward. That's write out a cheque. But may be some bright guy will find a way of eliminating that too.—ROGER SMYTHE

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



CHAMPLAIN VIOLATES IROQUOIS SOVEREIGNTY 1609

Explanations I didn't wait to hear the end of

"Preventing wars is the easiest thing in the world. If all the nations would just . . ."

"Anybody can beat the horses if he just has the most rudimentary knowledge of mathematical probabilities. Now on the first race you bet one eighth of . . ."

"I don't care who you are—you can make any dame in the world go for you if you follow these rules. First of all . . ."

"You've got a cold? You kidding? Why it's now a scientifically established fact that it's impossible to catch a cold if . . ."

"I'm telling you a twelve-year-old girl can write a hit Broadway play if she just follows the formula. The secret is to . . ."

"This one is bound to result in a touchdown every time—and I don't care who your team is playing against. The quarterback fakes a handoff to the left half, and then . . ."

"There's just no excuse for paying no income tax no matter *how* much you make. I've studied the provisions carefully, and what I find is . . ."

"It's just a matter of plain old hoss sense. Juvenile delinquency would disappear overnight if . . ."—PARKE CUMMINGS



"Yoo hoo, Ed. Holiday Ranch time!"

She'll love you for it

The perfect husband buys his wife just what she has always wanted to exchange for something else.—LOIS F. PASLEY



Ellen Fairclough

Continued from page 23

orders but the commands of a woman. She doesn't expect special treatment and she doesn't get it," says Jim Moodie, her executive assistant.

The department Mrs. Fairclough heads is one of the cabinet's trickiest. "Few if any portfolios can get a government into more trouble," says J. W. Pickersgill, her Liberal predecessor. Most of Mrs. Fairclough's House of Commons speeches are quick, no-nonsense retorts. But occasionally she fumbles badly. Her worst performance was last June 9, when she moved for the first reading of a proposed change to the Indian Act. The opposition benches shouted for an explanation. "It's just a minor amendment," she said. "I must confess openly that I do not have a copy of the bill with me." A page boy was sent for the document, which turned out to be one of the most significant changes ever undertaken in the administration of Canada's Indians. It provided a procedure against evicting from reservations where they had always lived Indians whose ancestors had sold them treaty rights for money, scrip . . .

The complexity and potential political dynamite of the citizenship and immigration post is due to the modern responsibility for making the irrevocable decisions on deportation rulings and on appeals of immigrants admissable only for compassionate reasons. Each fever-pitch verdict becomes a precedent weakening the regulations.

With immigration currently more restricted than at any time since World War II, it's a particularly touchy assignment. As well as administering the entry of new permanent residents and granting them citizenship, Mrs. Fairclough's immigration officers examine the sixty million annual visitors who flow in and out of Canada through 343 ports of entry. Her department is responsible for the welfare of Canada's 165,000 Indians living on 2,200 reserves. She also reports to parliament for the National Film Board, the National Library, the National Gallery, the National Archives and the Fathers of Confederation.

Apart from her administrative and parliamentary duties, Mrs. Fairclough has, for the first time, brought a woman's outlook into cabinet deliberations. Prime Minister Diefenbaker often consults her about the woman's viewpoint on proposed legislation. "She makes her points with mature ability and a native charm she never misuses," says Justice Minister Davie Fulton.

Despite an invincible passion to advance the status of her sex, Mrs. Fairclough regards the cause of women as a dirty phrase. "Women in politics who think that a step forward is worthwhile only if it represents a victory over male prejudice are hopelessly out of date," she insists. The most dramatic affirmation of her equality occurred in the House of Commons on April 8, 1952, when a mouse scampered onto the green aisle carpet and headed directly for her desk. Instead of clambering up on her chair and screaming as the MPs expected she would, she tried to shoo the mouse toward C. D. Howe, her party's favorite Liberal target. Before it could cross the floor, the



HAM BAKED WITH BEER



Whole or half ham
1 c. molasses or brown sugar
2 tsps. dry mustard
Whole cloves
1 tbsp. pepper (exactly)
1 large onion cut in loci
1 carrot cut in pieces
1 stick celery with leaves
1 cup Dow Beer

1. Remove skin from ham—score fat diagonally, place cloves in each diamond. Set ham on sheet of heavy duty aluminum foil in shallow pan, garnish with vegetables.

2. Mix molasses (or sugar) with dry mustard, pepper and beer. Pour over ham. Fold foil lightly around ham—to retain juices—Bake in 400°F oven 15 minutes per pound for whole ham; 18 minutes per pound for half ham. Delicious hot or cold.

*For FREE COPY of this unusual new cookbook compiled by Mme. Jehenus Benoit—"Cooking with Dow"—write: Dow Brewery Ltd., P.O. Box 8400, Montreal, Que.

During the 1958 campaign she became the first women ever to rate the title: "Madam Prime Minister"

politically inclined rodent was killed by a page boy.

Although twenty-two women candidates ran in the last election only one other — Margaret Aitken PC a newspaper columnist from Trinnite — won a seat. At the 50th woman on the government front bench Mrs. Ellen Fairclough's lashings are a daily whipping topic around the House gallerier. Ellen has an unwieldy nickname sense and a dash of imminence," says Ann Francis an Ottawa radio commentator. The most unexpected tribute to Mrs. Fairclough's appearance came from Andrei Vishinsky Trotsky Russian ambassador to the United Nations. When she arrived at the UN as an official observer in 1950 dressed in a flaming red suit, it reported asked Vishinsky if he approved of the color. The Red diplomat who then made a finish of mud-sling American slang, shot back: "Yeah she's just my speed."

Unusual partnership

The premiers main relaxation is reading murder mysteries. They baffle me," she says. "In private I usually know how things are going but in three books, I'm constantly being surprised." Her most enthusiastic non-political interest is Hamilton's Tiger-Cat football team. She goes to every game and after last fall's Grey Cup victory she had the team's jubilant cargo line through the lobbies of the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. She has arranged her political schedule for this fall so that she can spend all home town-games week-ends in Hamilton.

The Fairclaughs own a colonial style six-room house on Stanley Avenue a quiet street in Hamilton's west end. The home's most unusual furnishing is a basement pinball machine but it is now seldom used. A resident housekeeper does all the cooking and cleaning.

The Fairclough marriage is no ordinary partnership that allows husband and wife to follow unrelated careers for hundred miles apart at vastly different levels of responsibility with no outward conflict or regrets. Fifty-three-year-old Gordon Fairclough, the owner of the prospering Fairclough Printing Company is an acid-humored ordinary printing salesman intensely proud of his wife but successful in his own right. "It never occurs to me to wonder who's boss," he says. "There always been unanimity in almost everything. Both of us are happily occupied in our work."

He spends two weeks and a month in Ottawa and is affably resigned to a category which places him among premiership wives on the capital's protocol lists. At a Government House reception in 1955 when Mrs. Fairclough was less well known Governor General Vincent Massey branched past Gordon saying "I must speak to Mrs. Fairclough about a little party I'm giving for members wives." Gordon stopped him just a minute, sir," he said. "That's me you're talking about."

The Fairclaughs twenty-two-year old son Howard was until recently the piano-playing bandleader at the Club Kingsway in Toronto. He still plays the piano but now spends most of his time working at his father's plant.

Except for her occasional week ends in Hamilton Mrs. Fairclough now lives at the Chateau Laurier Hotel. After a slimming eight o'clock breakfast of orange juice toast and coffee she starts each working day by leafing through the large green notebook where she marks down her appointments. I plan how best everything can be fitted in," she says. Then I proceed to steam it up. In her work she is direct and ruthless. She loses her temper at visitors who are not. When the gets an overhung mouth she shows it into her DOT basket with the notation "Cut it short."

The think pace Mrs. Fairclough maintains in her office was useful to her during last winter's election campaign. She made more than sixty speeches in two-dozen country junkets rebutting Liberal leader Lester Pearson's taxation proposals in "a smart gag," and trying to rally the woman's vote behind PC candidates. The effectiveness of her forays can't be measured because voting results mean broken down by sex but campaign managers all over Canada judged her influence to be so valuable that requests for her visits were exceeded only by the number of invitations extended to Diefenbaker.

She had to interrupt her campaigning for several days to be sworn in as Secretary of State's office in Ottawa. During Diefenbaker's speech-making trips the senior cabinet member in town was named acting prime minister because government papers constantly require the signature of the head of state. Howard Green, Davie Fulton or Donald Fleming usually took the job but on February 21 and 22 Mrs. Fairclough became the first woman in history to rule the address: Madam Prime Minister.

Only in the last week of the campaign did the final time to visit her home riding, but her organization turned up interest with teams of sign carrying dogs and tea-sale thinkers both marked "Ellen's Best for Hamilton West." Her winning margin of fourteen thousand votes was the most decisive victory ever given in federal politics in Hamilton. Her Liberal and CCF opponents lost their deposits.

Mrs. Fairclough's constituency ranges from the mansions on Aberdeen Avenue to Hamilton's worst waterfront slums and includes a large part of the city's large Italian community. The Italians once objected to the Conservative Party as being reactionary but now they vote solidly for Mrs. Fairclough known among them as *La Signorina*. She captured their loyalty by speaking to my meetings in the Italian Community Centre dipping bent out of a bottle dinner, the violent Neapolitan *incantatelle* and reinforcing the many games of *boccia* a lively form of bowling.

Mrs. Fairclough claims to have inherited a sympathy for the displaced because her maternal ancestors were United Empire Loyalists—she's a fifth generation Canadian. She started her first after-school job at twelve being manager manual to the mathinis at a Hamilton department store. At sixteen after a course in typing and shorthand she got a full time clerk's job at the Hamilton Soap Works by claiming to be eighteen.

During the next decade she switched jobs almost every year each change removing her a little further from steno ography which she was determined would not be her career. During off hours she studied accounting, played centre for Hamilton's United Church Basketball Team and for a time was the pianist on an hour-long Sunday afternoon musical program over CHML which featured songs by her sister Mary —now the office manager of Gordon Fairclough's printing business.

She met Gordon her future husband at sixteen during a church social and never had another beau. They courted for ten years with remarkable equanimity when Ellen was too occupied studying accountancy. Gordon would square her rather. They were married in 1931. Howard was born a year later. When the baby was two, Mrs. Fairclough returned to work as an apprentice accountant. By 1935 she had passed her CPA exams and established her own business. Eventually she was named secretary treasurer of the 320-member Canadian Wholesale Grocers Association a trade group representing the main food jobbers in the country.

The post on first brought her into contact with official Ottawa, although her political interest dated back to the year after her marriage when she and Gordon helped establish the Hamilton branch of the Young Conservative Association.

By the end of the war she had become so involved in behind the scenes politics work that she decided to run for Ward 3 nomination in Hamilton. She lost by three votes. Next morning Gordon counted thirty-three phone calls from apologetic friends who had forgotten to cast their ballots. She got the seat anyway a few months later when H. E. Smye her victorious opponent resigned. After four years as alderman she moved up to controller and became she headed the police commission sitting mayor.

Her turn of politics soon created an appetite that Hamilton City Hall was not important enough to satisfy. She decided to fight Colin Gibson the Liberal minister of mines and resources, for the Hamilton West seat in the 1949 general election. Gibson beat her easily but a year later he was appointed to the Ontario Appeal Court Bench and she won the resulting by-election with a 4466-vote margin.

Wearing three red carnations pinned to the black and white checkered top of her two piece dress, she was officially introduced to the House of Commons on May 30 1950. There had been no women MP since the defeat of Gladys Strum, a Saskatchewan schoolteacher in 1949. Over the matter of desk thumping, as Ellen was being led into the House by George Drew George Cruick shank a liberal backbencher from Clay burn B.C., yelled "Boy I could kiss that!" He crossed the floor and tried to peck her left cheek. She ducked.

During her seven years in opposition Mrs. Fairclough became one of the PC's champion talkers rising more than seven hundred times on issues that included the sloppy dress of postmen and a suggestion that the Canadian Army use more women cooks.

She introduced measures to prohibit discrimination against women workers so often that Liberal Labor Minister Milton Gregg once demanded why if the matter was really so important to Canadian women he had received no representations about it from the National Council of Women (the country's main lobby group for feminine rights). Next day a National Council of Women delegation rallied na Gregg. It was handled by the minister's own wife. Liberal amendments to labor legislation in 1956 incorporated most of Mrs. Fairclough's suggestion.

The Fairclough partisan fervor was most apparent on May 25 1956 during the climax of the pipeline debate when she draped a ribbon eight foot Canadian ensign over Donald Fleming's parliamentary seat moments after he was temporarily expelled for defying the speaker's rulings. She stoutly denies that it was a pre-arranged exhibition. "I had a flag handy at the appropriate moment," she says. "because what would happen had been obvious all afternoon. I did it to demonstrate that somebody had stood up for the democratic right of parliament."

Her parliamentary behavior has subdued considerably since her days in opposition. "I never go into the House looking for a battle," she says. "But I won't run away from one. Because her departmental duties as Secretary of State in the first Diefenbaker cabinet were slight she was chosen to represent Canada officially last spring at both the Bath of the West Indies Federation and the inauguration of Argentinian President Arturo Frondizi.

One-woman crusade

At the Port of Spain Trinidad celebrations she aroused the envy of delegates wives by having long chats with Prime Aly Khan the former husband of Rita Hayworth now Pakistani ambassador to the United Nations. For the presidential inauguration in Argentina she held the temporary commission of special ambassador.

In her new job Mrs. Fairclough has little time for such pleasant side trips. Aside from her ministerial duties, she conducts a private crusade to get more women into parliament. She accepts up to ten a week of the dozen or so speaking invitations she receives from women's groups in every mail. "Get a three" she urges her audiences. "Don't worry you won't get furnished—though you may get polished up a bit." And when you mix politics, don't waste time trying to please everyone. It must be done. Just relax and stick to your convictions."

Mrs. Fairclough predicts that the number of women politicians in Canada will double during the next decade and that someday a woman may even hold this country's highest office. "I see no reason" she says, "why a woman of exceptional gifts could not be prime minister of Canada. But that doesn't mean me."

Her own ambitions are not satisfied but she admits to no specific future goal. "I'm too dashed busy to think about it" she says.

Away from the rush of official Ottawa Gordon Fairclough recently spent an evening with a visitor in his lonely Hamilton living room, dealing through a photo album that chronicles the progress of his wife's remarkable career. "Ellen has not only preached the equality of women she has summed up quietly. "She has proved it." ★

The men behind JAKE & THE KID

The cockeyed truth about W. O. Mitchell, the creator of the prairies best-loved citizens.

In the September 13 issue of

MACLEAN'S

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 2



The double life of football's fiercest coach continued from page 21

"I don't know if I'm the highest-paid coach in the country," Trimble says, "but I should be"

sometimes leaps into the scrimmage line to show a player what he means. Once when his way coaching the Philadelphia Eagles four years ago a two-hundred and sixty-five pound rookie tackle named Walt Stiehl jumped on his back.

"I hear you used to be a wrestler," coach," the hulk said ominously.

Trimble recalls that this was a highlight moment. The rest of the squad stopped what they were doing and turned to watch.

I applied a top body scissors and stuck a half nelson in for good measure," Trimble says. I pinned him."

Trimble was fired by the Eagles after the 1955 season. He'd been the head coach for four years. "The management announced that I was too tough on the players," he says. "That's eyewash. The guy before me was fired for not being tough enough. No they got rid of me because we won only four games this season. Somebody had to take the rap and it's usually the coach.

Similarly Trimble is content to accept the credit. Ordinarily he is a tough conservative man who lets the results speak for themselves. Ordinarily too the man he can't play a tough conservative kind of game one that tends to make the customers drowsy with boredom and the opposition laughed with limps.

But every once in a while it apparently occurs to both Trimble and his Tiger-Cats that they aren't being rewarded the way they deserve and they take a flamboyant trip out of character. Like last fall for example. Trimble the soul of caution all season predicted that his notoriously low geared offense would muddle its way at least thirty points in a Grey Cup game the football writers were predicting would be the lowest scoring final in a decade. The labourers Tiger-Cats took the case and tipped the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, thirty-two to seven. A week later coaching the Canadian all-star team in the annual Shrine game against the west's best Trimble grew ruffled at what he calls the "blow-by-blow of the western writers" and proclaimed that his team would win by three touchdowns. The eastern team which had been humiliated thirty-five to nothing in the 1956 all-star game in Vancouver won this one by the margin of precisely three unanswered touchdowns twenty points to two in the icy mud and mist of Montreal's Molson Stadium.

Sometimes though brash Trimble's forecasts just enough for him and his staff the need to undermine his position.

I don't know if I'm the highest paid coach in the country. He mused recently but I ought to be—I'm the first coach in the country. He stared at this observation as it hung quivering in mid air and then he answered it. Hell, I'm the smartest coach in North America.

Certainly no man is in a position to argue that Trimble wasn't the best coach in *this* country last year. He guided the three year mediocre reign of the Montreal Alouettes into the Big Four when his Tiger-Cats defeated the defending champions thirty-nine to one in the east's final playoff game. Then in the Grey Cup game a week later he shattered the growing notion of western football supremacy based on three straight Grey Cup triumphs by the Edmonton Eskimos, when the TCs hammered Edmonton's western conqueror the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. He did these things with sound football methods that finally illustrated how quickly he had adapted his thinking to Canadian rules and possibilities.

When I first came to Canada I took one look at that huge field (it's 110 yards longer and fifteen yards wider than the American gridiron) and decided we could pass all over it," Trimble says of his introductory year 1956. Midway through the Grey Cup game that year though, when Edmonton was demolishing Montreal and burying them fifty to twenty-seven (I knew I'd been wrong. We'd had a pretty good pass attack and had almost chipped the Alouettes in the east) in final. But the Eskimos with their



bang-bang-bang style on the ground convinced me that passing wasn't the answer in Canadian ball.

"For one thing there are really only two downs in this game and three because if you're short of a first down in two plays which you often are you've got to kick. Now think about this: suppose you post for seven yards on first down. Now it's second and three, right? You've got to take the sure road the ground on the next down to maintain possession because if you pass the chances are less than fifty percent that you'll complain it. If you miss you've got to kick. Sec two downs. That's when I realized you needed a more basic kind of football approach and that concentrated on a running attack with just enough passing to keep the defense honest and strung defensive play."

So Trimble put in Edmonton's grinding split-T offense and added a few wrinkles. These included numerous formations designed to confuse the opposition. "It wasn't fully," he says, "but it was varied. They never knew how we were going to line up next."

Then he devoted close to half of each night's practice time to defense, although coaches normally spend seventy-five percent of the time on offense. A combination of individual skills and tight scrimmaging that requires constant drill. The result was a team that gave up only 189 points in fourteen league games and scored only 250 — both lowest in the country. Even their own fans were finding it hard to grow restive in the long periods between touchdowns while the athletes were cultivating contusions.

"We'll stay hungry"

Trimble is the first man to admit that his Tiger-Cats were less eye-filling than a line of shamans last season, but he insists the somewhat sopenfin style was a matter of expediency. Winning was the thing last year, but now that he's the defending champion, he wants all that bent dressed. Success last season brought no peace to Jim's restless gums.

"In pro ball," he says, "you've got to win *and* you've got to please the people and the two don't always go together. I was sitting by the banks tossed at our offense last season — stung. This year we'll open up but we'll stay hungry. Now think about this: the worst thing that can happen to you in football is overconfidence. You play the Lolin Sisters of the Poor and go into the game figuring you'll kill them and the Little Sisters of the Poor'll beat your butt off. Football is like war — pound, pound, pound. The toll of attrition that's us. Only this year we'll throw the ball too. We'll open up. But defensively? We'll be iron-pum man."

In emphasizing defensive play Trimble realizes he's putting a premium on drudgery, but he notes that football is a violent game and hard work is a vital part of it.

"What the hell," he says of his players. "They're not out there to play sputtag and drink mint juleps. Sure it's tough, but we play it mean." He pauses for a moment reflectively.

"Aw, what the hell am I saying?" he demands. "In the case of a great player like that Pattinson [Hal Pattinson of Montreal] we'll do anything—anything—to stop that son-of-a-bitch."

He strives to make defensive play interesting for his players. "We gave names to all of our defenders," he explains. "With identity you assume stature; you're not just a number on a sweater."

Accordingly in the defensive backfield the man guarding the upper right section of the field is called Russ, the first two letters identifying the "right end," upper areas. The deep defender on the right side, the safety man, has a much easier job so he's given the affirmative identity Rose, meaning right side and comparatively easy. On the left side the up back is called Lou, and his affirmative sidekick in the deep spot is Liz. The fifth backfielder, who can often play deep to defend against long passes or up close as a middle linebacker, is called Boss because Trimble says, "he goes for the ball helping out any one of the other four." If the Tiger-Cats happen in be using four linebackers in their defensive formation the two outside men are Russ and Lou and the two middle linebackers are identified as Central Haw. The man in the centre of the line called the middle guard is identified as Mike. "It's helluva tough job," explains Trimble, "and Mike's a tough man."

Thus the coach says, the players take pride in the positions they can fill. "You'll have a guy in the shawen say 'I can play Russ and Rose.' Or the players can eat out a boy who's lulling down an easy job without actually naming him. The boys on the bench can say, 'Russ isn't doing a job out.' They're killing us over Lou. The player in question will know who they're talking about and he'll know he has to get off his arse.

"This sort of thing builds sport and pride in a team. Trimble has found, and these are ingredients that a team must have to win. He'll sometimes keep a player on his squad who has great desire ahead of a player who has more talent but less desire. Once with Philadelphia he had decided to cut a boy named Jim Parmer but then decided to keep him when he saw him playing ping-pong against a superior player. His eyes were bugging with determination. Trimble recalls. "You could have knocked them off with a stick. I figured a guy with that much desire *had* to stick. And he developed into a real good ball player."

He has the same feeling for several players on the Tiger-Cats. One of them, Billy Graham, finished off the play that clinched first place for the team last year, taking a pass off a fake kick by punter Cam Fraser to set up the touchdown that beat Ottawa Rough Riders to thirteen on the last play of the game.

That little Billy had have to stand on two bricks to kick a duck in the tail" glows Trimble in recollection. "He's no bigger than a bar of soap but he caught that ball like he was picking grapes."

The idea of defeat is anathema to Trimble — at anything. The Hamilton sports announcer Norm Marshall relates that if you happen to beat Trimble in a round of golf he'll casually phone you every three or four days and suggest a rematch. He'll call until he finally beats you. When he was a kid in school he was third in his class through most of his grade school years and it's typical of him that he should remember the names of the students who stood higher although he hasn't seen many of them for roughly thirty years. They were Ginnevieve Michalski and Rose Hinkey" he says without a moment's hesitation.

He had a roughcast upbringing in the pipe-making midtown of Mackenzie on the south slopes of Pittsburgh where he was born May 29 1918. His Irish grandfather who'd been a fisherman in Galway Bay became a teamster in Pittsburgh when he discovered that the miners in America weren't paved with gold. Jim's father, a stern non-smoking non-drinking father of eight children was a blacksmith in McKeesport.

"I never saw a stronger man," says Trimble. "I can still picture him stripped to the waist standing over a forge, with a thirst and neck like a keg and eighteen inch biceps. He never had to hit any of the kids' his word was law. Because my mother had the best right hand in town."

Jim worked in the coal fields during summer holiday when he was twelve, slope-mining into the side of a hill three hundred to four hundred yards. He'd already had been smoking for four years and recalls that he was "very profitable cards." The kids used to play pinochle and rummy under the street lamps for pennies, although I don't know where I got the pennies the mine operator gave the dough I made to my dad.

Like every kid in town, Trimble played football. When he was fifteen he weighed two hundred and ten and made first string tackle on the McKeesport high school team. "The town wasn't as like Hamilton," he reflects. "A mining-port atmosphere with tough hard working straightforward people."

Kick them all

His brothers were as big and strong as he. Vince Trimble fought Pittsburgh's renowned Billy Conn as an amateur and might have been a great athlete. But at sixteen Vince was hit by a car and died six days later. The family had no insurance: hospital doctors and funeral bills were such a drain that Jim left school he work full time as a steel mill swinging an eighteen pound sledge from eleven at night until seven in the morning.

On impulse a nineteen year-old giant of two hundred and forty five pounds he went to the football camp of the Pittsburgh Steelers and asked for a try out. The late coach Walt Kiesling told him to go to at left tackle during a scrimmage.

"Have you got a book of plays?" Trimble asked.

"Nope," said Kiesling.

"Well what'll I do?" Trimble asked him.

"Just kick hell out of 'em."

"Which one?"

"All of 'em."

He recalls that the first play of the scrimmage was a trap on him. But he reacted quickly enough to beat the guard who was supposed to trap him and he got a clear shot at the ball carrier, Bill Karras, a hydrant shaped fullback of five foot-eight who weighed two hundred and forty pounds. In the split second while Jim was deciding whether to tackle him high or low Karras rode into him breaking his nose with a piston like knee. Trimble kept playing through two hours of scrimmage and was offered a hundred and twenty five dollars-a game to sign with the Steelers.

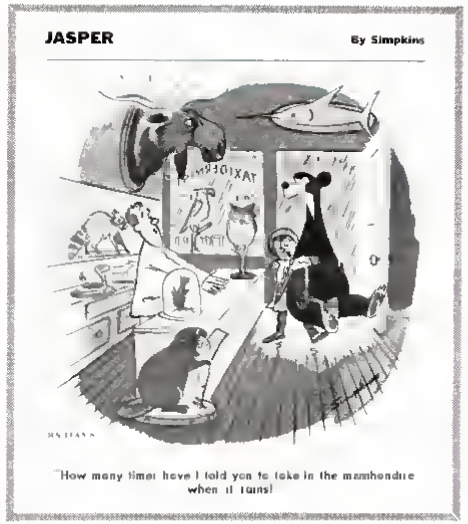
But before he signed he was examined by Bo McMillin head coach at the University of Indiana who said the institution would send him to prep school to bring up his entrance grades if he'd like to go in college.

Jim decided he wanted the schooling.

When my brother Vince was lying unconscious in hospital after he'd been hit by the car" he explains, "I acquired a burning desire to be a brain surgeon. I wouldn't have let him die. I'd have done something. They didn't do anything, they just let him die.

So Jim went to Elgin Academy a prep school outside Chicago. "My French teacher-Mr Finch taught me how to use silverware and how to break bread," he relates. "My history teacher Mr Mulstead taught me to dress. He got a job stoking the school's furnaces to earn spending money.

When he'd qualified for Indiana he enrolled as a pre-med student and went on for football. Then he began to like football so much that he forgot about becoming a doctor and switched to the education course majoring in English literature. Under coach Bo McMillin he



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was a good efficient rankin." In 1942 he graduated and stood in the U.S. Navy and married Pat Olmstead, the sister of his freshman football roomie. He was in the navy just under four years, became the commanding officer of an LST in the South Pacific and took part in seven invasions, including Okinawa and Saipan.

After the war Trimble went back to Indiana to work on his master's degree and he and Pat lived in a trailer camp established as veterans housing. There were four hundred trailers and every twenty trailers elected a committeeman to administer the camp's affairs. The committee elected a mayor—Trimble.

He didn't work on his master's degree. The first coach at Indiana during his undergraduate years, Ralph Graham, had become coach at Wichita University and he hired Trimble as his assistant. Trimble knew Graham moved up to the Kansas State University and he stayed three years as coach and athletic director. He got his team into post season bowl games four straight years, including the first two years—the Raisin Bowl at Fresno, Calif., in 1948, the Cauliflower Bowl at La Fayette, La., in 1949—and won a confidence for the Sun Bowl at Tucson, Ariz., in 1950.

After the 1950 season he and the university president agreed that the school's basketball coach should be rehired. As athletic director Trimble signed the basketball coach to a new contract. A few hours later the president came to Trimble's office. "Politics had crept in," he says now. "I was ordered to fire the coach." He recalls a reluctance to follow the order. "I have to fire him?" Trimble asked the president. "Your hands are tied?"

"That's right, Jim," the president said. "Okay, I'll fire him. But, in the meantime you get a new man for this job because I've just resigned."

This was the biggest decision of Trimble's life, he feels. He and Pat had bought a home in Wichita and had had two of their six children. He had no job prospect.

But I won't sit still for politics," Trimble says in describing the episode. "I never have and I never will."

Soon afterward his old coach at Indiana, Bo McMillin, pulled him from Philadelphia, where McMillin was now coach of the professional Eagles. He hired Jim as line coach. Less than a year later McMillin, who is now dead, developed cancer. Trimble and the backfield coach, Wayne Millner, were appointed temporary co-coaches when McMillin first became ill. Then Millner was signed as head coach for the 1952 season with Trimble as his top assistant. But four days before the team's final exhibition game against the Los Angeles Rams Millner resigned.

"There was too much pressure," Trimble says. "He couldn't handle it. The Eagles signed me because all that fate did in there was run me use."

Just turned thirty-four, Trimble was the youngest coach in NFL history. After his first season he was named coach-of-the-year by the Washington Touchdown Club but three years later, with the team skidding, he was out. Jonah Gill (Jake) Gaudaur, Hamilton's president, went to see him immediately.

"I'd watched the Eagles on television," Gaudaur explains. "They were tough and tough the kind of team I like we wanted. I liked Jim on sight. After fifteen minutes I liked his straightforward answers and his obvious love of the game. Since then he's gone to football that Hamilton fans go for—hard and rugged like the town itself."

And not unlike Trimble without his style. Now he wants to add that too. ★



Now even the canoe is going modern continued from page 17

"It's still the best way to come to grips with most of Canada"

showing canoes silhouetted against rising moons with girls in frothy dresses trailing their fingers in the water. The canoe was fitted with bank seats, canvas seat cushions and battery headlights. It was also made in a slinky model called a torpedo that could be propelled by a double bladed paddle. From a lounging position and was soon decreed the perfect piece in which to propose. In 1925 the Peterborough Canoe Company helped things along by coming out with a special canoe with a rocker for a Victrola. It was regarded as an unbeatable combination. A theorist of the era trying to analyze why so many proposals took place in a canoe concluded that a woman reclining in the bow combined the maximum of desirability with the minimum of uneasy inhibitions which momentarily unhinged the paddling mind.

Today the canoe has gone back to the scene of its glory—the Canadian bush. There it still holds its own. With the advent of both the airplane and the outboard motor old timers predicted the end of the canoe in the north but it has been adapted to both. It is light enough to be wired to the floot of wing of an airplane and the stern has been squared off for the attachment of an outboard. Sentional nosing canoes are carried in the cabins of airplanes and assembled on the spot with bolts and wing nuts. Canoes are made with special low bow and stern for convenience of being narried by aircraft. Freight models such with a carrying capacity of two and a half tons, are transported in winter by trailer or transport plane to the location where they'll be used the following summer.

The canoe still provides the best means of coming in grips at close quarters with the genuine part of Canada. Only fifteen percent of the land area of Canada is suitable for cultivation and only half of that is occupied. The rest is a hard bitten land of forest muskeg and rock held in a web of waterways. In one area of 6,094 square miles south east of Lake Winnipeg there are 3,000 lakes. In another area of 5,294 square miles southwest of Resident Lake in Saskatchewan there are 7,500 lakes. This kind of terrain is the workshop of the canoe. In a vast area of Canada less humbly to the average city dwellint than outer space geologists prospectors trappers timber cruisers, police and welfare workers still go to work daily in a canoe.

Many of Canada's prominent mining men started their careers in a canoe. On a single canoe expedition in 1934 from Saskatoon to Fort Flon the party included W. G. Robinson, now of Yellowknife Mines, J. Scott, today with Kennecott Copper, E. Cyril of New Dimkinson, W. Clinkin of International Nickel, C. Donald of Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting and Lewis Parres a director of Nor Acme Gold Mines Limited. All were young geology students starting into business in a canoe. Parres a mining geologist in Flin Flon as well as a director of Nor Anmn still owns seven canoes each suited for a particular type of work.

About seventy-five percent of the canoes made in Canada are manufactured by four companies. All new main power boats, but still retain the word "Canoe" in their company names. Three of these—the Peterborough Canoe Company, the Canadian Canoe Company and the Lakefield Canoe Company—are located in or around Peterborough, Ont., which is situated in the Kawartha Lakes district. This is one of the most popular vacation resort areas in Canada and used to provide an abundance of the lumber required for boatbuilding, two factors that attracted many small watercraft companies. Most of those have given way to the three main companies still operating in the area. The biggest and oldest, the Peterborough Canoe Company, which employs about two hundred and twenty people in peak periods, has the unforeseen advantage that the name of the city which is also the name of the company has become identified with canoes. In the same way Sheffield, but with steel. Many canoe owners refer proudly to their craft by the term "a Peterborough canoe," even though it may have been made by one of the Peterborough Canoe Company's competitors.

The fourth major manufacturing, the Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredericton, New Brunswick, has the distinction of having introduced the canvas-covered canoe to Canada. This type of construction has just about replaced redwood although the latter is still used in power craft. Canoes are also made of moulded plywood, fiberglass and aluminum, but the canvas covered canoe, which comes closest in principle to the Indian birchbark canoe, has been generally accepted as the most efficient canoe made, and is the common commercial notice of the north. When birchbark began to get scarce in New Brunswick causing of at least contributing to, the decline of Indian canoe-making, three brothers of Fredericton, Will and Harry Chestnut saw a chance to remedy the shortage of canoes and at the same time put themselves in the market with a new product. Americans on camping and canoeing trips had been coming down the St. John River in canvas covered canoes made by the Old Town Canoe Company of the State of Maine. It was these canoes that became the model with some modifications, for the Chestnut brothers and which eventually were adopted from them by the other makers.

In this canoe the ribs are covered with thin cedar planking over which is stretched seamless marine canvas, sealed and coated to a hard glossy shell. Canvas-covered canoes are light, strong and graceful to quickly that in canoes has a practical function and the manufacturers proudly use it.

Commercial canoes have model names, such as the Rat 14 foot trapper model, Canadian Canoe Company $153), the Voyageur (18 foot prospector canoe, Chestnut Canoe Company $210), the Giant 22 foot freighter, Peterborough Canoe Company $600). The trapper canoes weigh about thirty-five pounds and sometimes have runners fitted to them for scooting across ice. Most freight canoes are now ordered in models designed for the attachment of outboard motors, either with a square rump, similar to that of a regular outboard boat or with a V stern that retains the lines of a canoe below the water line so that paddling qualities are not affected. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police use canoes fitted with outboards for long patrols, thinning them from months of gasoline flown in by airplane.

A northern canoeman kneels in the centre of the canoe, using part of his weight on it, thus wooden thwart and with the canoe heeling to one side takes about forty-six short, choppy strokes a minute as compared with an amateur's average of twenty-six long, languid ones. A beginner paddling from the centre of a canoe will take it in a circle in three strokes but an expert moves in a straight line and conserves the craft's momentum which a novice loses every time he straightens his canoe by putting roughly trailing his paddle.

To portage a canoe a professional grabs it by the gunwales, hikes it to his leg on a crouch, boosts it with his knee and rolls it upside down over his head. The test is up to his sense of balance, strength of his ankles and ability to ignore sweat, black flies and mosquitoes in one of the most gruelling physical chores left to civilized man.

To wend rapids he sometimes shoves his canoe upstream with a pole. Sometimes trawling downstream rather than portage around rapids he runs them in his canoe. If they look tricky he takes a walk along the bank and plots his course. A canoeman's first experience of running rapids is a bit like a flier's first solo—sometimes it ends in disaster. A geologist with Nor Acme Mines, running rapids near Flin Flon, hit a log that tilted him into the air and landed him in the water. When he came to the surface he was in the dark. He had come up under his overturned canoe.

In spite of the hard work of portaging and the perils of shooting rapids canoe trips through the Canadian north are a reunion born of strong and basic appeal. A man with a pack, in a fourteen foot canoe, is free, self sufficient, mobile and thousands of evolutionary years away from roach horses, hire payments, tariffs and the struggle to keep his head up in an increasingly complex civilization. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests issues detailed instructions for trips that range from Bonnyhaven's from Bowmanville thirty miles north of Toronto to Wanbanshine on Georgian Bay to a 636 mile trip from Sault Lookout north of Lake Superior to Fort Albany on James Bay. Many of these routes were used by the Indians long before the discovery of North America. The booklet points out that they lead into wild undeveloped wilderness a potent reminder of which is the final instructions that ground signals to be seen by planes should throw an SOS in letters at least ten feet long.

Anyone can paddle a canoe, given inclination. The big killer is inability to control the canoe against wind and waves. Few amateurs ever think of taking along bailout. An experienced woodsman will he needs to will put a log in the canoe, to give it more grip in the water. A

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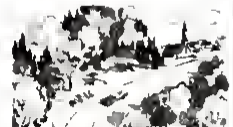
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common cause, of trouble with an inexperienced canoeist is that he sits well back in the stern. This leaves the bow raised out of the water, behaving like a weather vane. He rarely thinks of working his way up to the middle and sitting down if he gets into trouble.

In boys' and girls' camps where canoeing is still a traditional activity, instruction in how to paddling with the hands — moving the canoe along by "bumps" — but those of a bit less gung-ho paddling which, trailing on the gunwale dumping the canoe, and getting into it again. Great importance is placed on the canoeist being a swimmer. Old-time bushmen who live to rips old age in canoes without being able to swim a stroke regard all this as about as useful as inviting another rat in to share with the first. The whole secret of staying alive in a canoe is learning to handle it so that it doesn't turn over. If it does, being a good swimmer doesn't always help. Most people who drown from canoes just aren't good swimmers who have been upset in rills and try to reach shore. One of the prime rules of canoe clubs is, "If upset, always stay by your canoe." A canoeist clinging to the bottom of a tipsy canoe may be hungry and cold, but he's a good chance of being picked up.

One tragic exception occurred at a boys' camp on Balsam Lake, Ontario, in July 1926. Just before sunset fifteen boys left camp in a thirty-foot war canoe to the middle of the calm lake so that it would be established afterward. One of the boys missed his stroke and grabbed the gunwale. The boat rolled over in a scramble all the boys got hold of the upturned canoe. But they were in the water for six hours. Numbness and exposure forced one boy after another to relax his grip and drop off. Some tried to swim to shore and were lost. When the canoe reached an island at two in the morning, only four of the fifteen boys were still clinging to the sides.

The war canoe is a sensitive racing craft that carries a crew of ten or more paddlers. Speed depends on co-ordination and on the condition of the canoe. Other racing canoes are specially designed crafts that can be paddled singly in tandem or in "fours."

The forerunner of these sophisticated sporting craft was one of the first and most valuable of human tools. It was developed right after man started playing around streams on floating logs. Then began a binding sense of them together into made rafts much the way a kid on a creek does today. At least twenty-five thousand years ago a small brown inventor began hollowing a log with a stone axe and hot rocks, grunting, licking his fingers and burning himself, becoming up with the world's first boat. He probably reached North America from Asia by way of Bering Strait. The Koonanni Indian canoe used today to British Columbia has the sleek, perfect shaped bow of the birchbark canoe used on the Asian West which flows to the Russian coast opposite Alaska.

North American Indians made canoes of the grass, elm bark, buffalo hide, seal skin and moosehide. In the Arctic the Eskimos made closed-in canoes called kayaks, skinning seakin over a driftwood or whalebone frame. The birchbark canoe of the northeast woods Indians, which popularly became the people of all Indian canoes, had the greatest carrying capacity for its weight of any craft afloat. In fact nothing has ever equaled it, with its possible exception of the rubber life raft of the Second War.

Some anthropologists doubt if the aboriginal Indian, a stone age man, made really good birchbark canoes until the white man gave him some better tools. It is certain that some made very poor canoes and some didn't make any. By far the greatest number of North American Indians used dugouts. The view that the Indian canoe wasn't as good as it might have, however, is not shared by all experts. George Frederick Clarke, a retired dental surgeon of Woodstock, New Brunswick, who has been a lifetime student of Indian canoes, but the shops carpenters who remembered Certain other examining and admiring the Indian canoes they saw said that they would see no way of improving them.

A dying art

Whether or not the white man gave Indians the art of making good canoes is certain that he took it away from them. Indians are reviving the most enthusiastic use of canvas-covered canoes, particularly with an outboard motor attached. The white man also displaced the Indians supply of birchbark until Indian canoe-making has just about become a lost art. The last one made by the St. John River Malecite Indians was built forty-four years ago. Recently the National Museum had a birchbark canoe made to order by no eighty-one year old Ontario Chippewa Indian named Matt Bernard. This canoe weighs almost three quarters of a ton and can carry sixteen paddlers and a sizeable cargo. It is an authentic replica of the Montreal canoe adopted from the Indians by the French fur traders. The search for birchbark for this canoe involved travel of about a thousand miles by jeep.

Original Indian birchbark canoes are becoming collectors' items. Dr. Clarke, who is well known as no author historian, poet and collector of Indian artifacts, once bought the entire contents of an old building for fifty dollars to rescue a birchbark canoe — a profitable deal as he not only got the canoe but found two rich collectors' stamps which he sold for six hundred dollars each.

Clarke himself is one of the few people left capable of building an authentic Indian birchbark canoe. His knowledge was gained largely from a lifetime friendship with one of Canada's most colorful Indian authorities — Edwin Tappan Adney, an Ohio-born American who came to Woodstock, New Brunswick, at the age of nineteen and devoted much of his life to studying Canadian Indians. Adney lived for a time with an old Indian named Peter Jo, one of the last birchbark canoe makers of New Brunswick who taught Adney the art.

Several years ago there was a sixteen-foot birchbark canoe made by Adney and Peter Jo in the Exhibition building in Woodstock. A heavy snowstorm caved in the roof of the building. Clarke waded through snow to the building and saw that the canoe had broken off about five feet of the bow of the canoe. I saw one of the exhibition members. He agreed to give it to me. I contacted Adney. We got a horse and sled and took it to Adney's bungalow at Upper Woodstock.

Clarke and Adney went about rebuilding the canoe following the same methods used by the Indians. In the early spring they found a suitable birch tree, one in which the sap had not yet ascended and stripped off a piece seven or eight feet long. In mid-May Adney scraped off a flat depression in the ground, put the canoe in it with the broken portions in place and drove stakes into the ground for a form. He then laid in the new birchbark, the thin strips of cedar sheathing and reset the ribs. It was no good in new. Clarke says:

The Indians made a frame of two gunwales spread apart by five rock maple crossbars. The frame was laid on a prepared bed on the ground and sinker pounded into the earth around it. Then each strip was pulled out, the frame set aside and the bark was laid on the bed. The frame was now placed on top of the bark and the sinker driven back and tied together at the top to hold the bark against the frame. Finally the sheathing and ribs were put into place.

In Woodstock, Adney made about a hundred models of birchbark canoes, elm and moosehide canoes representing the models made by different Indian tribes. They were significantly exact reproductions. It was a fairly collection overlooked for so long by Canada that Adney eventually sold them to the Maine Museum at Newport News, Virginia.

The Indian knelt on the bottom of his canoe riding on the bridge of his feet and gripped the sides with his knees. He pursued swimming deer and seals in it, gathered wild rice in it, trained it upside down for a shelter on the trail, upended it to mount stockades, and prowled in it deep into enemy territory.

The Indian birchbark canoe was quickly adopted and improved by the French to follow Canada's network of waterways. Eventually there were so many



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE AUGUST 30 1958



What is it about budgies?

Continued from page 19

"A Japanese prince paid $1,500 for one pair of budgerigars at an English sale in the Twenties"

resting ejaculations as "Wake Up England" "Gettan Gotta Hare" or "Don't Change Dem".

Looking down from the avian Nirvana, the original budgerigars must be astonished to see what a Pandemonium man has made of their children's children. Until 1840 when a thoughtless Englishman took a caged cock and hen back to England, the budgerigar was a fleet, hardy creature ranging the grasslands of tropical Australia in search of millet seed. It was clad entirely in a camouflage of becoming green. Only the most right-eyed of the aborigines could see it and only the most nimble and crafty could trap it. When they were successful the natives roasted the budgerigars on skewers and called it *bid berryah*, meaning good food.

But nobody bothers now to trap the wild Australian budgerigar. The Australians themselves import them from England the administered name rarely. It was the English aristocrats who by making the sport and breaks that spread them early together multiplied the budgerigar's range of colour and transformed it romantically round into a captive clown.

By the middle 1920s the budgerigar was so showy that a Japanese prince paid fifteen hundred dollars in England for one pair of birds. Today many budgerigar carries in its iridescent feathers almost every color but red. Having profited most from the birds of the rarest shades, the breeders are now working toward the first scarlet budgerigar to keepsake an Australasian's art working toward the first blue rose.

Not content with altering the budgerigar's appearance, the male will no dollar infinity it supports permanently competition promotional luncheons. The simulation of its native name. For commercial reason the industry advances the species plain that *bid berryah* means pretty bird."

This presumption may be justified however by the value of the human interests at stake. Although seems are imported from Britain and the United States the majority of the Canadino budgerigars are native born. Last year some hundred Canadian breeders operating in urban basements and rural hencoops hatched one hundred thousand budgerigars. Among the tank and fin breeders is Mrs. T. W. Rhind, a tall grey haired matinee idol Scot who for seventeen years has supported an invalid husband by keeping for sale a flock of four hundred budgerigars in the cellar of an old lath loined West Toronto house.

A bigger breeder is Mrs. H. T. Arm, the willowy pretty young wife of a Chatham, Ont., undertaker. Mrs. Arm, despite what she calls "neighbor trouble," manages to raise and sell a thousand budgerigars a year.

One of the most productive breeders in Canada is Bill Jones of Aylmer, Ont., who keeps a flock of three to four thousand budgerigars in the coops of an old chicken farm. From his rotting pens Jones draws some five thousand fledglings a year. A decade ago Jones, a mentally sunny middle-aged man well versed in Mendel's theories of hybridization, was running a bowling alley in Aylmer. As a public attraction he kept a few canaries. Then he started selling them. When budgerigar sales began to outstrip canary sales, that's the way Jones switched to the former. Within a couple of years his budgerigar business boomed to such an extent that he had to give up the bowling alley.

Like most of the major Canadian breeders Jones imports prize winning cocks and hens from England for between one hundred and five hundred dollars apiece. The English birds are necessary to profitable reproduction in the country because they are larger and more robust than the Canadian born. The superiority of the English bird stems from the fact that it is raised to budgerigar perfection in a country where budgerigars are a national craze.

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In Canada where the weiners are too cold for neglected varieties budgerigars are housed all the year round in heated basements or barns. As a result they think it is spring all the time and mate endlessly. The quality of their progeny however decreases to only a succession of litters of five eggs. The chicks get smaller and smaller until they are reduced to unsaleable dimensions. Jones attributes his success to constant inbreeding of British budgerigar blood and his refusal to sell hens in more than two clutches of eggs a year. Many Canadian breeders he says "are out for a fast buck." They permit their hens to mate and bring up chicks so most inevitably their hens and she kills herself." Small breeders, says Jones, eventually ruin their own business because their chicks become so tiny that the wholesalers stop buying them.

The biggest wholesale retail budgerigars in this country is Vioflin [Canada] Ltd a pet supply company at St Thomas Ont. Vioflin in which both Americans and Canadians hold stock, similar in Montreal in the late 1930s as a sales agency for general and poultry supplies mainly sold thrifted into canary seed as a side line. After the war Vioflin found that feed for budgerigars was by comparison one of its most profitable lines.

Vioflin moved to St Thomas in 1947 and set up shop in a former aircraft hangar. There were half a dozen employees. Today largely on the proceeds of bird seed, Vioflin has built itself a new warehouse full of enormous parkeep machines, increased its St Thomas payroll to one hundred and fifty, opened branches in Vancouver and Toronto and put a score of salesmen on the road from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

Until eight years ago most breeders sold their birds directly to retailers and pet lovers. Then Vioflin built a big mail order nursery and established itself as a budgerigar wholesaler. Vioflin buys on contract the entire output of scores of breeders. It pays the breeders from six to six dollars a bird and sells to the retailers for a dollar more. Each bird is banded with a breeder's mark which enables its pedigree to be traced. Today Vioflin returns that it is buying nightly percent of all the budgerigars hatched in Canada and that its insistence on pedigreed birds has done much to improve the national stock.

The company despatches budgerigars by train rail and aircraft to retailers from coast to coast. In quiet times retailers sell Vioflin birds for as little as eight dollars each. At Christmas Easter and Mothers Day prices sometimes rise to fifteen dollars each. According to Harry Brandon sales manager of Vioflin the year round retail price of his company's birds is between seven and ten dollars.

Among the more unusual retailers of budgerigars are shoemakers and vendors of home brewed beer supplies. Both get into the business via a logical if obscure sequence of events. Cobblers begin by selling lumps of feathers then dog collars then dog food then bird seed and finally budgerigars. Home brew enthusiasts were roused into the trade by mail and shops salesmen who earned bird seed as a side line and eventually began taking orders for budgerigars.

Although a single budgerigar may live healthily on only three and a half dollars worth of seed a year its mess consumption means a hefty turnover. Last year Canada's one million budgerigars ate six thousand tons of millet some of it imported from Turkey, Algeria and Indonesia. In addition to this staple each bird eats on an average a thirty five cent monthly treat... a tiny cake compounded of special richer seeds known as spray millet. This is now grown largely in southwestern Ontario by farmers who've latched onto the commercial importance of the budgerigar's fantastic appetite. But it is grown under difficulties. Spray millet crops remain such a favorite of gustatory excitement among wild Canadian birds that farmers can keep them off only with expensive alerted thin-cloth fireworks explosions operated by a timing mechanism. Though eighteen sometimes squirt the heavy birds must be endured in the interests of trade. Spray millet brought retail sales of Canadian budgerigar food to nearly five million dollars last year.

Since budgerigars are susceptible to chills and stomach troubles they consume in addition thousands of dollars worth of sulpha drugs vitamin tablets vitamin laxatives and plumage conditioners. Also on sale are cage bottom gravels impregnated with chlorophyll and plastic spray bottles that make the bird smell like a beautiful Polish spy.

Nor does the budgerigar's status on the human economy stop at the demand for medicaments and deodorants. Some budgerigar factories producing pets range from a dollar and a quarter carrying cages to a seventy dollar permanent cage—run now working three shifts daily.

Most of the cages come from England, the U.S., Germany and Japan. Silver or gold chrome nedi ns many colored enamels, daffodil yellow ebony black carnation pink and sky blue being the most popular. They come in every symmetrical and eccentric variation of the sphere hemisphere and sylinder.

One of the biggest cylindrical jobs contains as a perch a large piece of bleached driftwood which the manufacturer describes as "the Manzanita Tree." The naked contorted nature of this bit of wood blends re well with the great tropical motif which has overtaken cocktail party five and dime store nitware. Cages shaped like pagodas grass huts and jungle temples are selling well but exemple because they match reading lamps supported on the heads of Geisha girls will plaques of Hindu sacrifice dancers, busts of Mun hlun virgins glazed earthenware reproductions of rampant tigers and grotesque specimens of the cactus plant.

The costliest cages, such sporting as one little shimmy are usually tagged as Duplexes. Series Cape Cod Cottages or Ranch type Bungalows. One of the latter the Sprawling Ranchet... retailing at sixty five dollars is equipped with a quick plain on outdoor swimming pool and a lawn decked with little tabina nbas rs and umbrellas.

For the diversion of the budgerigar and its owner hundreds of birthday accessories are available. The simple perch has given place to swings merry go-rounds, slides and treadmills. The latter being described — to dissassociate them from medieval torture—as ferris wheels. As the budgerigar is fascinated by its own image and by noises it cannot imitate many seeds appliances are fitted with mirrors and bells. Thus for between a quarter and a dollar, the budgerigar owner may buy his pet a Laddie with Mirror and Bell a Birdie Step Slide with Mirror and Bell a Lovie a Hanging Bell Mirror a Budgie Pet Mirror a Bell Dangler a Mirror Tumble Toy a Double Arm Swing with Wheel or the significantly unterminately named Ball Chain and Bell.

The average budgerigar weighs only two ounces yet a perch connected with a miniature lever and piston results in curious mechanical reactions when the bird alights on a particular contraption. The Mirror Toot for example honks like a motor horn each time the budgerigar is overcome by his Narcissus complex. The Suction Perch Double Vanity embodies shutters which open to reveal a mirror when the bird tromps down and close discreetly as it takes off. The Budgie Cuckoo Clock functions in traditional style, and the Princess Spray ei squirts a jet of scent over the budgerigar whenever he lands by his seed trough.

Budgerigar owners who like their birds to have a good time buy the Roulette Game or Budgie Parlable. A bird perching on one of these shoots a small ball toward a group of holes. Other owners buy their birds a human carnival game called Test Your Strength. If the budgerigar norms down with a big enough thump on one of these it shoots a rocket to the top of a column and rings a tiny phone bell.

Many modern budgerigars can scarcely move without skidding on their rumps down a chute or being whirled dizzily around on a joy wheel or setting off innumerable pings toots whistles and clangs every time they wish to feed. It is nevertheless plain that they appreciate the miniature human figures that may be bought for insertion into their cages.

These figures, representing policemen parsons skimmer bathers and other disguised types have rounded weighted bottoms which make them right themselves each time they are knocked over. A typical budgerigar will spend hours slapping them around its cage with its wings on rare intervals at their noses with its beak. Because the Irish have a reputation for joking punishment and cunning or blarney for short, the generic name for all such budgerigar sparring partners is The Kelly. To speed up the bouts the pet supplies industry is now producing a slapping item called Kelly on Wheels.

Most budgerigar owners however like to see their bird doing tricks outside the cage. Cissa Feyershend a noted budgerigar trainer working out of Pond De Lac Wisconsin, has taught birds to walk a tight rope seesaw a vaudeville act walk through a tunnel of books open a match box and ride around in clockwork cars and electric trains fitted with little benches.

Feyershend's biggest triumph is the Budgerigan Circus, in which a whole troupe of birds is employed. The show opens with two budgerigans sitting on the extremities of a seesaw while a third walks backwards and forwards between them lifting them up and down. Next comes a budgerigan which lies on its back and rolls a little celluloid ball in its claws. Then a fifth budgerigan using a chain and pulley heels up to a table on a cardboard box bound by train for London and one hundred and eighty miles south.

Budgerigars have been known to fly even greater distances in their efforts to win freedom. Captain Andrew Sutherland master of the lumber Canadian freighter Tuberg, even diverted the rigging to pick up a budgerigar that had alighted on the ships mast. At the time the Tuberg was five hundred miles east of Newfoundland.

Unlike canaries which pants and become hard to catch the more phlegmatic budgerigars may be released from their cages and permitted to fly around the room. This custom is largely responsible for the heavy budgerigar mortality rate.

If a budgerigar is not eaten by a cat drowned in the toilet bowl suffocated in a net smitten by boredom or by an observant owner it usually escapes before its one year span of life is up thus creating a demand for replacements.

Its skill as a pet breeder derives largely from its ability to alight so diminutively on living flesh that the soil within is unaware of its presence. At a cocktail party attended by the writer a few years ago a bald headed guest spent the entire evening without realizing that his host's budgerigar was perched on the summit of his glossy cranium.

Owners often walk out of their homes with a budgerigar nestling in their hair and so lose it. Other budgerigars have escaped the house on the back of a dog, on top of an opened umbrella and soon scaled among a bunch of grapes in a western Sunday hat.

Compared with the budgerigar the ti

My most memorable meal: No. 41



John Adaskin remembers

Casserole on the cuff

I love food—Hungarian, Russian, Italian, French *haute* and common Chinese. Knysna, Bellingham, Mersays and Childs. I've eaten fresh lobsters in Shediac, N.B. and fresh crab in Vancouver. I've tasted bean steaks, swordfish and shish kebab and enjoyed every new experience with delight.

My most memorable meal was one of these and yet it stands out in my memory as a beacon that have I been dismissed often twenty eight years.

My different years were 1930 and 1931—the depression was in full swing and I was out of step. I had one broadcast a week which paid me ten dollars. My honorarium at the Hamboerg Conservatory in Toronto came to ten dollars. I could eat on the rest... in fact I had a rest from eating. I did manage to get plenty of exercise though cranking my cello lour miles to the CKNC studios on Davenport Road. After one rehearsal those who still had a few cents went out for dinner but a few of us stayed in the studio to practice—I could have eaten the smegs.

Finally I mustered up the enerage to go to a little restaurant near the conservatory. I'll the owner my plight and assure him that if he would allow me the privilege of signing the checks he would be paid in full at some future date. The owner was a little embarrassed and in the most Gaelian accent said "Sure—just sign the checks."

I then said how pleased I would be if he would allow me a guest every once in a while—you see my musician friends were hungry too! A big tear rolled down the hemani tragian's cheek as he gently said "Master I take your request—just sign the check and eat."

I sat down to enjoy what hes remained my most memorable meal.

Soup du jour—Vegetable
Braised filet en casserole with Noodles
A liberal slice of Custard Pie
Coffee

On receipt of the check my sigh shore with a flourish. But then my heart sick again—no money for the waitress. Suddenly an inspiration—I asked for the check again and wrote

CHARITY — 10c
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JOHN ADASKIN ONCE WELL KNOWN AS MC OF THE RADIO TALENT SHOW OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS, NOW HAS INTERESTS IN MINING AND PETROLEUM

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mates of Offlag Nine were armateurs to the art of escapology. It it regains its freedom in summer the budgerigar stands a thin chance of survival. Every day the three Toronto newspapers print among them an average of a dozen advertisements for lost budgerigars. Although exact figures are unavailable it is believed that about a third of those lost in warm air are found. Bill Jones, the Asylum breeder, says: "Only survivors by flying with flocks of sparrows. They seem to know that the sparrows always know where there is something to eat. But some budgerigars get fed up with wild life and usually fly into the open window of a house. Most good birds are banded with the number of their breeder and from this it is usually possible to find the owner. I've known of birds being returned to their owners after an absence of three months."

During the Canadian winter, however, escaped budgerigars are usually doomed. The sparrows desperate for food themselves will peck to death any budgerigar which tries to share their fields. Although the budgerigar can stand below freezing temperatures the difficulties of feeding in winter lower its resistance and it soon dies.

A couple of years ago an escaped budgerigar flew into Christ Church Cathedral in Hamilton and perched in the rafters, sixty feet above the choir stalls. Men tried to reach it on fire ladders but it always flew away just as they were about to grasp it. In an attempt to frighten it down dozens of helium-filled balloons were let loose to drift up toward the bird but without success. Finally its owner was brought into the cathedral and placed on the floor. At the entrance to the cage a little pile of seed was placed. Then a spotlight was rigged up to illuminate the cage. But the bird never came down. It preferred to starve to death among the lofty masonry.

Small anti-social intimate, however, may soon be a thing of the past. Breeders have found that it is possible to change not only the budgerigar's appearance but its attitude toward society. In England the Duke of Bedford, one of the world's foremost budgerigar breeders, has produced a strain with the characteristics of the homing pigeon. The Bedford budgerigars fly around all day in flocks and at night return to their roosts.

Meanwhile breeders of canaries are trying desperately to introduce brighter colors into their birds and so save themselves from being overwhelmed by the budgerigar cult. In the race for color many varieties of pretty little finches have been brought into captivity and mated with canaries. Another bird from India, it being caged because it out-talks all the parrot family, it is called the mynah. It looks rather like a crow and it has the bleary, raffish expression of a drunken sexton. One of its most popular affectations is a maniacal hmmm laugh which blanches and freezes anybody who hears it for the first time. Mynahs are selling in small numbers for between fifty and a hundred dollars each.

All this industry is frowned upon by another kind of bird lover, the bird watcher. One Toronto bird watcher says: "I would hate to go on record as attacking the budgerigar or any other caged bird. After all caged birds give pleasure to many people, including children. But I would suggest to those who lose their budgerigars that they invest the ten dollars it would cost them to buy another in a second-hand pair of binoculars and try for a while looking out into their backyards at the birds which live as God intended them to live." ★



Why do we hate the police? continued from page 11

"Motorists," police say about traffic-trap gripers, "are the biggest liars in the world"

is not calculated to earn him affection. Traffic is a case in point. During the last ten years probably millions of Canadians have received tickets for parking or speeding and to the blunt words of Bee Beezan: Everybody who gets a ticket has a grudge against the police.

Liquor laws fall into the same category. "The police earn a lot of resentment because they have to enforce liquor laws which the public regards as restrictive and petty," says Slee Goerwell, a Winnipeg lawyer. The police have fallen heir to a number of other especially John Is Sydney, N.S. regular officers are used as collectors by the city tax department. "City officials feel the uniform scares people into paying up," says Chief W. J. Campbell, who adds sadly: "This may be so, but it doesn't help us with the public."

But it is the enforcement of traffic regulations which is, in the words of Magistrate C. O. Bick of Toronto, "chiefly responsible for the loss of prestige referred to by the police. The traffic laws exacted from the motoring public have reached huge sums. For instance in 1947 traffic fines in Vancouver totaled $140,000; in 1957 the figure had risen to almost one million dollars.

Most motorists who tend to be pessimistic on the subject of traffic police feel they're being persecuted — and there's evidence to suggest that at least in some places it seems that they are. In Vancouver the constables in the traffic division contribute a small sum of money to a pool each month. The winner is the officer with the greatest number of convictions at the end of the month. One day last fall Toronto police ticketed 784 vehicles in a single mile. One of the victims was a salesman who drove up to a meter, reached for his brief case, rolled up his windows and locked the doors of his car. He reached the sidewalk just in time to be handed a ticket by a policeman.

Deseronto, a small town in southern Ontario, has long had a reputation for being a speed trap. When travelers begin to avoid the town the local citizens revolted and threw out the mayor and council who approved the meanness of the local constabulary. In the discussion that ensued some interesting facts emerged. One was that the small community of seventeen hundred people had collected seventeen thousand dollars in speeding fines in eighteen months. Another was that at the beginning of the fiscal year the town budget presumed that there would be several thousand dollars available from fines for speeders. Some three thousand dollars of the fines paid by motorists had gone to supplement the salary of the chief of police. "How can you expect a man with five children to live on the forty-eight dollars a week we pay him?" asked a councillor.

The enragement, incidentally, was quite legal. But it is one that can lend itself to abuse. Recently the Quebec legislature took away from small communities (under 20,000 population) the right to pass traffic laws and collect fines. Scores of motorists had complained about the treatment they received in such towns. For instance, St. Martin ten miles north of Montreal had collected twenty thousand dollars in a single year. One motorist was fined for slightly exceeding the speed limit at six a.m. — when the highway was deserted. When he couldn't produce thirty dollars to ensure his court appearance his car was impounded and he had to make his way to Montreal by hiking.



Who is it?

He put on a big show even then. Turn to page 46 to find out who the boy in the derby hat grew up to be.

There's no doubt that radar is an easy and cheap way of collecting fines. Sudbury, Ont., was the first city in Canada to use it. The cost for eight months was a thousand dollars; it earned $63,722 in fines.

The motorists' wails about traffic traps arouse scant sympathy from the police. "They're the biggest liars in the world—if you were to believe them no traffic offense was ever committed on a Canadian highway," says William Fitzpatrick, a Montreal detective. Magistrate Bick feels that the police are caught between the devil and the deep blue sea as far as traffic law enforcement is concerned. "On one hand there's a public outcry against the mounting death toll on the other the public resents being punished for a violation." Bick is somewhat alarmed and discouraged by the behavior of many motorists. "A man who was caught doing forty on a residential street where there are a lot of children phoned me up to give me the lines. Yet that same week a half dozen parents living on the street asked me when we were going to crack down on the speeders."

Most policemen loathe the expression "speed trap," which is merely a euphemism for radar devices used to time a motorist's speed. Inspector E. A. F. Holm of the RCMP traffic branch in Ottawa has no apologies to offer for the use of radar and ghost cars. "With millions of cars on the highways we've had to modernize our methods," he says. He cites a Gallup poll in which those sampled were three-to-one in favor of the police using radar. He believes radar's effectiveness can be increased by erecting a sign: "This highway is electrically patrolled," every few miles. In Saskatchewan this practice has yielded good results.

While Inspector Holm doesn't think that fewer tickets should be given out, he strongly believes officers should improve their manners. In fact he has a code of etiquette on "how to give a ticket and keep the customer happy."

"You should always approach the motorist with a smile and a cheery 'Good day.' Be courteous, by all means. Under no circumstances should the officer ask, 'Where do you think you're going, Bud?' To a fine?" The motorist should be asked for his license and the nature of the offense should be explained to him. The officer should be consistently polite and pleasant to indicate that there's nothing personal about the business on hand. Holm cautions his men to expect that most motorists will be mad. "Consider his feelings, he says. But under no circumstances is the officer to get into an argument. "If a citizen asks why you aren't out chasing bank robbers, smile but don't answer."

A mechanical suggestion was recently made to a meeting of Canadian police chiefs: "Why not," one speaker asked, "avoid a lot of public resentment by giving the job of handing out parking tickets to a special group of part-time employees?"

The idea is highly controversial. As instant Deputy Director William Monaghan of Montreal is strongly against it. "You'd be inviting bribery and corruption," he argues. "The part-time employee is lacking in training and self-discipline."

Magistrate Bick of Toronto agrees but for different reasons. "Using part-time employees would actually be more expensive and less efficient," he says. "Our regular officers are accomplishing a lot more than meets the eye when they're on the parking detail. They're very presence discourages lawbreaking. Furthermore they're always available to be relied to in the sense of an emergency. But Bick does think the place might work in smaller cities.

And it does. During peak hours in downtown Regina parking violations are now handled by the Corps of Commissionaires—on a part-time basis. Regina motorists have already started complaining about their toughness. "They're as bad as the police," observed one citizen in Winnipeg where the Corps of Commissionaires has been working at the similar task, the local police are much relieved. "Now they're the devil," says Superintendent James Mellholland.

But it is in their mentality with the unanimity grasp of weeds—the criminal gloss—that the police here earned their blanket mark. Here they're faced with a dilemma. On one hand they are anxious to get their man. On the other they must enforce this strictly in accordance with laws that have been set up to protect citizens against injustice. The

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police often feel that these safeguards are too stringent. "We're often frustrated," says William Fitzpatrick, assistant chief of detectives in Montreal. "That's why roughness is sometimes used."

Joseph Cohen, Q.C., of Montreal, one of the country's leading authorities in criminal law, agrees that the law sometimes makes the work of the police difficult. "But if the police were allowed to arrest, detain, threaten and assault citizens willfully and secretly, would be in a chaotic state," Cohen points out that all criminal laws and procedures were devised to protect the innocent. Nothing should hamper an innocent man in proving his innocence. If the guilty man takes advantage of the law to escape punishment, then it's too bad, but it's better that ninety and nine guilty people escape, rather than one innocent man be convicted."

What are the rights of a citizen taken into custody? If he doesn't resist, he's entitled to be arrested politely and without physical violence. If he does, the arresting officers are permitted to use as much force as is reasonably necessary. Once arrested, he is entitled to see his lawyer. If he's to be questioned, the presence of his lawyer is supposed to guard against mistaken identity. While in custody, he should be examined, and anything he might say may be used in evidence. Nothing must be done to encourage or force him to make a statement or a confession" as it is more familiarly known. Finally, he must be arraigned before a judge within twenty-four hours.

Many competent observers who are close to the criminal courts and the police believe that the police are constantly ignoring these safeguards. "Police in general show a woeful lack of appreciation of the rights of the individual when making and after making an arrest," says Gregory T. Evans, a Timmins, Ont., criminal lawyer. Joseph Cohen states bluntly: "Some policemen think that the end hallows the means."

Several chiefs of police I questioned insisted that their prisoners are never beaten when arrested except in rare cases of self-defense. Chief W. S. Brown of Fort William says: "It's just not done." Chief James O. Knittes, Saskatoon: "We don't have to use violence. Our men are instructed in judo." Yet these statements appear to be overgenerous in view of the number of police officers who have been found guilty, after a fair trial, of using unnecessary violence. In Hamilton, Constable George Brewster was dismissed from the force after he beat and kicked a suspected housebreaker in the cell room. The suspect suffered a broken shoulder, two black eyes and numerous cuts on his face and body. In Bonaventure—One—in the course of arresting a municipal policeman used the blackjacks (including his club). The courts awarded the victim $6,545. In Windsor a few months ago the federal government made a four figure cash award to a couple who had been manhandled by RCMP plainclothesmen. It turned out that the police were in the wrong apartment.

Police methods of obtaining confessions are constantly under fire. In the opinion of Norman Burns, Q.C., of Toronto: "Only about twenty-five percent of confessions are given freely and voluntarily. Other observers have placed the proportion even lower. Gregory T. Evans says: "Some police officers obtain confessions with such regularity that one begins to question their methods of their necessity." Dr. John Rich, a Toronto psychiatrist, believes confessions are unreliable, and believes the methods used are similar to Russian style brainwashing."

Burns suggests that "after an arrest the accused should be brought before a court and asked if he wants to make a statement. If he says no, that would be the end of the matter. If he makes a statement it could be recorded by an official court reporter with all the proceeding noted." Although the police are frequently accused of using threats and promises, to get confessions, these charges are seldom proved. One reason is that policemen won't testify against each other. H. L. Cartwright of Kingston says: "Whole platoons of police will troop into the witness box and swear that the accused had voluntarily volunteered all the information necessary to hang him. In his experience H. A. D. Oliver of Vancouver, lawyer can recall only one instance where a constable bore public witness to the brutality of his fellow officers. The man left the force within months of testifying.

Why do prisoners confess?

The police of course regard confession as a short-cut solution to a crime which involves a lot of time and money. Recently William O. Gibson of Toronto, crown attorney outlined some of the reasons police should be permitted to solicit statement immediately after arrests.

According to him if a prisoner is to give a confession he's most likely to give it immediately after his apprehension. He wants to confess to relieve his deep sense of guilt. To forbid soliciting a statement is to fly in the face of human nature. The statement should be sought as soon as possible says Gibson because, after the prisoner has recovered from his first sensations he has the natural human instinct to save himself by the aid of technicalities.

Confessions are particularly helpful to police in breaking up gangs. If one gang member is caught and provides the police with clues there's some chance of getting at his accomplices. To forbid the solicitation of confessions is to tie the hands of police. The attitude of some judges toward these necessary police methods is lamentable, according to Gibson. At times he says one would think that the police and not the criminal were the enemies of society.

But most jurists feel it would be a tragic error to relax the present measures governing the taking of statements by police. These jurists have learned to be deeply suspicious of confessions as the result of being pressed at numerous trials where confessions have been described as a trial within a trial. Whenever the crown introduces a confession at a trial, the judge advises that a voir dire be held to determine whether it has been obtained freely and voluntarily and thus can be used at evidence. Norman Burns, a few years ago defended a thirty-five-year-old man who had signed a statement admitting the theft of twenty thousand dollars worth of furs.

But I'm innocent," he told his lawyer. Why did he sign? He described how he had joined a crowd in front of the store when the police arrived to investigate the theft. From conversations with spectators and police, he learned some of the details of the break-in. One of the police officers became suspicious and took him to the station. Here the alibi maintained his story were twisted and he was tricked in the mistakes to make him confess. "I had a heart-attack a few weeks ago," he told Burns, "so I thought I'd better do what they wanted me to be sure I had another session." Burns was able to establish beyond all doubt his client's innocence.

Another Burns client was a soldier on leave who confessed to the police that he had installed a seven-year-old girl. His statement contained many of the details of the crime. Just before the trial he told Burns that he had been drinking and would not admit in any way having involved in the sordid offense. "Will how come you knew all about it?" the lawyer asked.



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The soldier then recounted how the police picked him up and tried to turn their occurrence sheet" — document containing information supplied by other witnesses. (This is an admissible practice.) They then proceeded to type in the information in the form of questions. After several hours, frightened and weary, he composed a confession which might have sent him to the penitentiary for several years. Several witnesses (sworn that the soldier was so intoxicated at this time of the crime that he couldn't possibly have been the guilty party. For the same reason he couldn't have had any knowledge of the details of the break-in. One of the police officers became suspicious and took him to the station. Here the alibi maintained his story were twisted and he was tricked in the mistakes to make him confess. "I had a heart-attack a few weeks ago," he told Burns, "so I thought I'd better do what they wanted me to be sure I had another session." Burns was able to establish beyond all doubt his client's innocence.

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The power of suggestion was repeatedly used on my client. In other words, he was brainwashed."

There are a variety of methods, physical and psychological, which can be used to coax out a confession. "We sometimes park up a fellow whom we know is guilty," says a member of the Montreal police force. "We spend two or three days asking him questions until his good and tired. Then we find out the truth."

Last year Judge Samuel Fauteux of Toronto threw out a statement which had been obtained by Newmarket police from an eighteen-year-old charged with breaking and entering. The suspect, who had gone to hospital to have a baby shortly before his arrest, claimed he was lodged in a cell in police officer told him that he (the child had died in birth. "You can get to see your wife as soon as you make a statement, but not before," the officer is alleged to have told him. The case was dismissed.

The better the quality of the police work the less necessity there is for confessions," says Norman Burns. "Honest and important investigation of a crime is also a safeguard for the suspect, he innocent."

The most dangerous kind of policeman," says Joseph Cohen, "is the one who believes a suspect is guilty. He'll only search for evidence which will support his hunch."

The crown has a responsibility to protect the accused by preventing evidence in court favorable to him. Unfortunately according to a prominent lawyer who has practiced in courts all over Ontario, this ideal is not being lived up to. One reason is that the crown attorneys feel closest to the police than to the accused. They at inchannel may be lost and by propinquity. In many places the police magistrate, the crown attorney and the police have offices within a few yards of each other.

When this happens," says Martin Shumiatcher, Q.C., of Regina, "they're up to hob-nob with each other. Courtrooms and police stations should be in separate buildings."

In some places the right of the accused may be jeopardized by too much fraternizing between the police and the magistrate. In the rural districts of British Columbia, criminal justice is administered by lay magistrates. "Many of them have no formal legal training and may be influenced by the prosecutor, who is usually the local RCMP constable," says H. A. D. Oliver, a Vancouver lawyer.

More than once I've seen the prosecuting constable stand at the magistrate's shoulder and whisper in his ear while the trial was in session. This makes so much nonsense of our ideal of justice."

However police departments don't spend too much time contemplating their duties of confession at roommate. But there are too busy worrying about some of the immediate problems which beset them. For one thing, more men, under police, are dying and the forty-hour week find them understaffed. Most forces can short of men and are having trouble recruiting them. Toronto, at two hundred men below strength, but even in the depth of the recession last March, only eighty applications were received, of which two were accepted. J. Albert Langlois, Montreal's police director, says: "We need six hundred more men right away." Saskatoon has sixty policemen, but needs seventy-two. Fort William, Ont., has no men to patrol some of the residential districts during the peak traffic hours, because extra men are needed downtown. Some communities who could recruit extra officers haven't got enough money to do so.

The uneasy future

Young men seem to avoid police work. Promotions tend to be slow and the pay is not high in Montreal, the starting salary for a constable is only sixty-three dollars a week, in Toronto it's seventy-five dollars, in Regina sixty-two dollars, Edmonton seventy-one dollars. Wilfred Jeg seventy-three dollars. Even when the rookie reaches the exalted position of first-class constable after a few years, he's still not doing too well in Vancouver, which has the highest-paid police force in Canada, a first-class constable earns ninety-eight dollars a week. In Sydney, N.S., a first-class constable earns seventy dollars a week while his chief only earns ninety-six dollars.

And so the police have the future with some disquiet, knowing that things are not going to get any easier. As society grows more complex, they know that they'll be asked to assume additional duties—each one of them offering new possibilities for incurring public wrath. They're particularly worried about the growing militancy of teen-agers, many of whom no longer seem to respect the uniform. Some policemen are beginning to wonder whether their numerous youth activities weren't all a dreadful mistake.

Many youngsters seem to have a confused idea about the role of the policeman," says one man. They seem to think of him as a fun-loving, elderly Rover Boy—a combination of athletic coach, psychiatrist and dispenser of hot dogs at picnics."

Any policeman with a philosophical outlook cannot help but realize that, by the very nature of his calling, he's bound to arouse some bad feeling. He knows that while it's the government, third or third citizens, people rarely like anything authority is a legislative body. Therefore, as a symbol of the government, he must be the whipping boy. With such a precarious role to play, the most he can hope to do is keep public resentment at a minimum. If his own superiors condemn often in the face of extreme provocation, "It's the best analysis," says G. Douglas Gentley, of the Calgary police force and authority on such matters, the police themselves are the most important factor in determining public attitudes. ★



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to them in English will answer in that language.

Soon we were laughing a lot with Miss Pelletier as she told us about the transformation that had taken place in the Montreal theatre world. The two continuously successful French companies, Théâtre du Nouveau Monde and Compagnie Générale Canadienne, had since so much vitality now they were reaching not for the English speaking audience.

The weekend we lost wanting to see a play with an finger dependent on what might be showing at. Her Majesty's in the Montreal Repertory Theatre was the Thursday on the Maximum. The point was that the quality and confidence was all coming from the French side of the old theatre.

When our party broke up it was about two thirty my wife and I found ourselves on Park. Her anyone ever visited Montreal who hasn't found himself alone on the street like that might with the bald eagle throwing its great light and the music no longer coming from the night clubs it was the road and the street just a little way up seeming to come to a dead stop against the wall of the mountain.

I was just thinking. I said

"What?" my wife said.

Why hasn't someone written the Peel Street Blues?

I'm hungry" the said.

In that neighborhood there seems to be one convenient open all night spot. If you just want a bite and no fuss and frills. This is Bens just behind the Mount Royal. It is a big crowded place not too expensive its patron a very mixed bag indeed. You are apt to see anyone there at that hour the policeman, the businessman from out of town who just been to go in bed newspapermen who have wandered up from the Press Club in the Mount Royal chew girls with their make up still on and the boys with the leather jackets and rubber too.

When we were eating our pastrami sandwiches a young fellow of twenty five, black haired with a pleasant voice turned over and introduced himself. He was Leonard Cohen the Montreal poet who was reading his poems in a Bankground of jazz music in a nightclub called Dunn's on St Catherine Street. I had read of the nightclub poets of San Francisco and Greenwich Village. Well I told Cohen we'd come around and hear him the next night.

It was about half past three when we walked slowly up the hill and along Sherbrooke but we were up in the morning by ten wondering where we would have our breakfast. In the old days we used to walk out for breakfast just for the sake of the walk and end up eating bacon and eggs and toast at a Dorian Square cafeteria. That kind of thing is pretty much the same in any three places of the night is good. Besides it is cheaper. Feeling too lazy for brisk walking we went downtown to the café and took our time. Then we went back to the room for our coats and came along the corridor to the elevator. I stood at the end window looking east on Sherbrooke and down the slope toward the old city. Suddenly Montreal reminded me of an aging actress I was to meet sometime in Sardi's in New York. I stood in the elevator looking around vaguely a woman waved to me. It was my business friend I didn't know her. She had had her nose bobbed and her face lifted. Well along Sherbrooke at Peel was a handsome luxurious new apartment building and looking further south you could just see the new Queen Elizabeth Hotel both buildings of that white limestone so native to Montreal. New buildings in that metropolitan area seemed to be springing up like spring flowers and to the left up there on the mountain above the apartment houses, a seat of seconded wealth there was now a thoroughway McTavish had been cut through and across the Lion of the mountain. Old Montreal seemed to be bursting and changing and growing and becoming something else just as Dorchester Street had.

Out on Sherbrooke Street we wondered along looking in the shops for presents for our two sons. The big department stores, of course, Eatons, Simpsons Morgans Ogilvys are down on St Catherine but the little luxury shops on Sherbrooke always fascinate my wife. Montreal is the Canadian centre of the fashion industry and my wife always studies the store windows to see some sign of a high style she might have missed at home. If there is a Montreal fashion centre or high style, that's debatable. I must say we've always missed it. Aside from the smaller luxury stores changing in Montreal has become like shopping in Toronto. The only department store that had a little different now is Ogilvys. They say that you can tell by the shops whether a city is a man's town or a woman's. London is a man's town Paris is a woman's, and New York both male and female. You'd have to say Montreal was a woman's town although along St Catherine there are any number of gents furnishings stores but few to suggest that the male is an elegant dominating figure.

"Has it ever thunk you" I said to my wife "what an undistinguished street St Catherine Street is? It's actually a pretty shabby looking thoroughfare."

It was well past the lunch hour now. My wife spoke of dropping into the little art galleries on Sherbrooke. A friend had said "Don't miss these little galleries. Painting is alive in Montreal these days and everybody is aware of it." But I was hungry. So we went back to the hotel to see if there were any phone messages than we sat down to decide where to have lunch.

Here again the visitor in town is torn between a sense of adventure which might send him seeking new places and those good memories of places where he had once dined and guzzled well. The phone list us narrowed down to three places first La Toni Eiffel over on Stanley Street. Stanley just a nimpin of blocks along St Catherine from Peel is an interesting thing at night its little plants are the hangouts for the Bohemians the boys with the beards and the girls with the straight hair. But La Toni Eiffel always seemed to me to try a little too hard to capture the atmosphere of Paris. Montreal is not Paris. Then there was the old reliable La Salle Hotel. Oh if I had a business lunch with my I would have taken him to Dinty's for good wines. It's a great place for those luncheons where deals are done. While we were talking I had been thinking of whisky sours and oysters and dinner at Desjardins and I drew a fresh picture of the succulent sea food.

I can remember when Desjardins was just a little place on Dorchester very near Bleury and plum use where we used to eat lobster thermidor on the cold winter nights. Now it is built on the style of a white nun's house. Like my oysters and clams and it took two hours. With drinks the tab was about twelve dollars.

As soon as we were back at our hotel my wife rattled one of her old friends Peg Carroll then with Ad Duke the sports editor of the Gazette. Mrs Carroll said that her husband had gone to some function and had got to thinking for the hockey game that night at the Forum. When we told her that we didn't want to go to the game we were going out on the town she was shocked. Imagine visitors in Montreal turning down a chance to see the Canadiens play on their home ice. But she agreed to meet us with her husband at the hotel at eight.

It was now the hour when the weekend visitor usually retires to his room to rest a little and read the papers before dinner. First we had heard that an innkeeper of the old days, Jack Rogers, was running a rink house on Peel called the Think Angus just above the hotel. What was Rogers? Well a few years ago there was a legendary gun of saloonkeepers in Montreal called Slatkin and Slatkin. With their relaxing and jovial manner they had built up a word following running from politicians and poets to light managers and strippers. Rogers had been Slatkin. When we dropped into the Black Angus and I looked at him thinner and more thoughtful that term of his years ago all came back to me the hot summer nights when I used to go out to the ball park and on the way along Ontario Street were all those houses with the outside staircases and the balconies jammed with half naked children and men in their undershirts and the women in low dresses sitting there waiting for the first puff of the cool night air. Those were the days when Jackie Robinson the great negro ball player was breaking in with the Royals and the whole town was crazy about baseball. Inside was the jolly mayor Johnny Grace the middleweight was a local hero. On St Cyr was at the Gaiety and Graben Gubnat at Frolics was the idol of the theatre. What a time it was! The French Canadians were devouring their love of football and the Alouettes. Frank Scott of McGill and his friends were penning their poetry in little magazines and the lovely Pat Page, the poet who married Arthur Irwin our Ambassador to Brazil was around and Mayes Gallant quite lovely too was on the old Standard wanting to write stories for the New Yorker which the old Outlook on Peel Street the upstairs night club that used to be the Samovar that became the Carousel always had fringed music floating through the open windows. And as I say for me who went to the fights and the ball games and didn't want to go to bed at night there was always Slatkin and Slatkin when the shutters were down. We called ourselves the Bartenders Club.

But it was still sounded out on Peel Street and I looked up at Mr Rogers now the host at the Black Angus not Slatkin anymore. Those days were all gone.

We left Slatkin with our memories on the way back to the hotel to pick up the Carrolls and to decide where we would have dinner. Saturday night was to be our night out.

Montrealers manage to give you the impression that they like eating and drinking and that their public restaurants are important to them as their homes. People eat out a lot especially on the weekends. On a Sunday evening you can see Francis families children and all eating in the La Salle. Family groups also come to the Ritz for Sunday supper. Montreal is a little different from Toronto or Vancouver in that you can be pretty sure to find what you want if you are willing to pay for it. If you like a small quiet intimate place Chez Stein on Sunday may be your dish. There is a restaurant just below the Ritz on Drummond the Colony where I have eaten a nice place if you want to feel intimate and crowded in the same time. Or if you like place without an alcoholic dessert noncentring simply on wines

Beginning next issue

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Edward J. Wood

and good food in the Lyonnaise style then Chez Pierre in the east and below St. Catherine is worth a try. Sometimes when you are with a lady who may you win and you are on an expense account it is a good place to suggest. An Inn to her because of its difference in decors its quaint and its organ music. Many a visitor though watching his purse may turn happily to the chicken places along St. Catherine Street. You can spend as much money as you want to on a meal depending on how thirsty you are, but we were allowing about five dollars for the main plate. And bank in my mind while my wife was playing around with a list of places I think I had already picked out the Café Martin on Mountain. Once again there was a sentimental reason for picking on this restaurant. It is not a flashy place with novel decor but old quiet assured with excellent service and one night in the old days I had eaten there with Dink Carroll and Leo Dandurand the owner had sat down with us. I didn't notice that my glass, no matter how often I sipped at it was always at the same level. Then I saw that Leo was simply making a little motion of his finger to the waitress. My hand had begun to spin. I was mentally unmanned and reckless with helplessness.

I picked up a newly filled glass and drained it. An incredible thing happened I became sober. Nothing like it never happened to me before or since. So I suggested to my wife that we go to the Café Martin.

We ate in the downstairs dining room. The service was excellent, the help has the fine old trick of knowing just when to swoop in a table swiftly between mouthfuls without standing and waiting breathing down your neck. The sporting editor told me about sports in Montreal. Football is now about as solidly popular as hockey he said but a lot baseball. Montrealers have been told so often that a place is being found for their city in the big league that they have come to believe that the town has outgrown minor league ball.

With dinner over the rest of the evening was ahead of us and I won't say that price was no consideration but Café Martin bill for both we twenty two dollars but this included the drinks which we really better than we could have done in a comparable place in Toronto.

Night life to the dogdayn

There was a time when night life in Montreal was spoken of in either tones as something so vitalized and refining and in a variety of temptations to the travelling salesman that he was quoted when he told her where he had to go. Yours age a Montreal alderman told me that fathers used to say to their sons, Don't go below the Main my boy. But no swirling gaiety heartbreaking laughter girls beckoning from doorways and wild bacchanalian revels are all about in the same state in Montreal as they are in New York. simply not on show any more. There is not even a burlesque house in Montreal. The old Gaiety where Peaches Allen and Lili St. Cyr used to bedevil the college boys the farm boys and the businessmen from out of town with their nasty dances is gone. The new Gaiety is a house for legitimate drama. Of course night life in Montreal at this moment in history is in the dog days of the two o'clock curfew. How ever in a month of two who knows!

I said to my wife, that if I were a visitor seeking a little novelty on a Saturday night and that's what most visitors are seeking, I'd go a little path prowling in the east-end beer halls below the flavor of the city down St. Lawrence way. She said why don't we and I said I had done it too many times.

Well then we twinkled what then night had to offer. There was pardonable nightclubs like on Stanley Street the big Chez Paree and the Esquire. There was also the El Morocco or the Bellevue Casino for a more elaborate display of girlish charms. The acts in these places are in the main brought in from out of town and some of them are bound to be first rate bandleaders. If we had been in the mood for the European touch of night we might have left the hotel. The Ritz Carlton like to feature some lovely lady from France. And there was the Windsor Sky Room with its Penthouse, where we could have eaten and listened and leered at sophisticated the lyrics with piano accompaniment. Or there was Lindy's Elegante room for rolling around and listening to Lyman and the piano.

Price wasn't into it, of course. We wouldn't venture into any of these places without counting on spending at least a modest fifteen dollars, and at that no one would mention us for big spenders. On the sum we would not be eating in the particular night spot drinking and in some spots paying a cover charge. If you have allowed yourself





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a hundred dollars for the weekend your Saturday night for two on the town will take about thirty three dollars of it what with dinner and entertainment after words throw in a couple of taxi and if you are weak as we are and like a bite to eat before going to bed than you have spent thirty six dollars

On these nights friends say What do you do about dope points In all candor we are not sure what a nip joint is If there is one anywhere near where you know about it before you go in so you can not rigged I used to judge these places by what they charged for a drink Any visitor to Montreal who drops into a Bar like Ivys and finds himself being charged ninety cents might to walk out And how much should it cost you I took up the matter with a restaurant acquaintance who insisted with great sensitivity that we couldn t get a first class drink anywhere in Montreal under $3 75 this town is $4 00 In all fairness to him his point doesn t hold pure Bailly with prices charged in the good places in Toronto The thing to remember is that any visitor to Montreal has to protect himself in the night life of this city

Well we remember that Dannys on St Catherine is kind of poet with the jazz background Leonard Cohen who had spoken to us in Bruce We went there

What more could a poet ask?

Dannys is a kind of high ceiling ninth something like the boys on earth floor and naturally the poet is in the ninth We had a ringside table in fact I was practically sitting on a drum I was much too close to enjoy the Manny Kaye band s progression to jazz Then a waiter pinned a high roof near the band stand and the young poet Leonard Cohen black haired and pale perching himself on the roof bantered a little with the ministrant to get everyone and himself roof and relaxed and as the purse the band under took a nice cool sounds The poet began to read and he read with just like a pro In the main he read love poems and the jazz rhythms seemed to give them a little edge and impact I was watching the faces of the customers You might say that of all people those in a night club are the least likely to become candidates for listening to a poet in mind Yet when you sit around in a night club you are ready for anything distinguished often a little bored At the boys say you are down enough to get with it The poetry mixed with the jazz hit right at the bottom of your spirit When Cohen sat down with us he said that business had been good of he wouldn t still be there Even the waiters listened to him he said What more could any poet ask in a night club Anyway we liked it And so about a long while home to bed

In Montreal city of the morning bells, the chances are you will wake up early of a Sunday morning Some of those monasteries must start ringing their bells at 6am in the morning just a gentle tolling, mind you but every hour from then on others join in

The church I wanted to go to was Bonsecours the Mariners Church The Mariners Church is an old Montreal with its legendary St James Street the city hall and the historic landmarks and all those old grey limestone buildings from the early nineteenth century One just should be pointed out People like to make jokes about downtown Toronto as a Sunday Obviously those people have never taken a taxi to the financial section of Montreal of a Sunday Anyway I wasn t disappointed in Bonsecours Not that it is particularly architecturally But it has the little ships hanging from the roof and in each ship hangs a votive light and best of all I suppose you get the feeling that many people have prayed there Coming back to the hotel in the taxi we caught a glimpse of the new Queen Elizabeth Hotel and decided in surprise that it looked from that angle like one of those big grain elevators you see to the west

We had lunch at Dinty Moores on St Cathrine Street—three dollars and tips —then went back to the hotel and for the first time in two days, we sat down in our big room where we hadn t spent a waking hour and relaxed and read the newspapers Sunday afternoon is the proper time of course for a little cheap sightseeing We could have gone to Brother André s church or along the street to the art gallery or up the mountain out to Westmount to see the new real estate development If I wasn t played out and if I were a stranger in town do you know what I d do? Will remember our friend from Toronto? It may sound corny our friend said but she had taken a sight seeing bus that took her through the slums and to Notre Dame Cathedral where the roads are three, we have and through the old part of the town and then high on the mountain where she had been awed by the splendor of the homes For the first time she had said she had realized what a beautiful city on a mighty river Montreal was All laid out under your eyes in a view from the mountain it ran look beautiful we agreed But we sat and read the Gazette and the Star which all are a part of the town till dawn thirty when I fell by myself and down down to the Grotty Theatre cast on St Catherine to have a talk with Graham Golmes. Sitting in the front office talking to the little Napoleon of the Montreal theatre I suddenly had a strange feeling The war the front office of the old burlesque house and I would close my eyes and imagine a fabulous Left St Cyr sitting there with the management

That night we saw the Golmes Company doing, in French Anouilhs Adaptation the story of Joan of Arc On Sunday night the action rises as early as seven so the patrons can go out afterwards on their Sunday night binding We had called it quits in the hotel and hurried to the theatre in a rush A little thing bothered me at the theatre As the curtain went down studies the spoken to me in English It was a Finnish-Canadian audience the play was in French I hadn t opened my mouth neither had my wife yet the girl spoke to us in English

The play handsome production playing to a full house was warmly and enthusiastically received Frankly though grinding the barrier of the language I couldn t believe that the sweet and feminine Mlle. Leonidas was Joan of Arc An interesting, little cultural point is involved here They tell me that the French Canadians in the school books get this sweet saintly view of Joan right from the start so I suppose from this point of view only a dope like me would have been blind in the 15th century in the line that she was a saint and saintly soul

After the theatre we took a turn to visit the town friends out on Westmount slept in late Monday morning and went out to buy two presents for our sons Knowing we couldn t go wrong on two nice shirts we tried the elegant men s shops will of the hotel The fitting rooms they showed us were beautiful and they certainly knew how to display shirts in the counter But we weren t paying twenty dollars for a shirt for a boy at college. Wandering back to Peel and at last, and we came upon a little short strip between St Catherine and the Mount Royal In this store they were having a sale We went in and all I can say is that we got two for the price of one on Shirtbrooks and they looked pretty good to me

One last little complication We had been unable to get seats on the afternoon train but we wouldn t take no for an answer Twice we went back to the Windsor station The unfabled French Canadian at the wicket who incidentally knew how to laugh finally got us chairs as far as Kingston and we knew we would sit in the lounge, beside the door and have some drinks the rest of the way Tired out we sat right there in the dining room at the station We hadn t dared to let a hundred dollars but then we had stayed over for Monday Everything had gone too fast Saturday and Sunday hadn t been long enough As we got on the train we were full of remorse, thinking of the people we ought to have seen and couldn t One other weekend in Montreal was stored up in our memories as the train pulled out ★

CANADIANECDOTE



How Queen Victoria "posed" for a Canadian stamp

A full-size painting of Queen Victoria unmounted but the most two-thinking history of any can was ever hung in Canada

In 1845 Victoria herself presented the portrait to the Union government It was hung in the library of the parliament buildings in Montreal which doubled as a lecture hall for lectures to convey ing There it was seen and admired by a young student named Sandford Fleming, later Sir Sandford Canada s chief engineer — mind whom much of the CPR was built—and the inventor of Standard Time

On the morning of April 29 1849 during the Elgin riots Fleming attended graduation ceremonies in the library As he was leaving, a mob outside broke into violence A burning torch was thrown through a library window and soon the room was on fire Fleming ran back inside, cut the royal portrait from its frame and tossed it out a window He followed it out as the library roof collapsed

Fleming later moved to Toronto and there in his newly opened surveying office, the painting lay for two years It was generally assumed that the portrait had been destroyed

Then in 1850 Fleming was awarded a prize for the design of a proposed set of postage stamps —three-penny sixpenny and shilling Before the prize it was decided that because the shilling fluctuated in value it would be wise to issue a twelvepenny stamp—though in theory the values were equal Fleming s design featured a head and shoulders portrait of the Queen. The stamp the famous twelvepenny black a pair of which brought $17 500 at a Toronto stamp auction last September appeared in June 1851

Almost immediately questions were asked Where had Fleming obtained the model Eventually the story of the portrait s rescue came out and the Union government demanded the painting It was returned In 1916 flames again swept through Canada s parliament buildings now in Ottawa Once again the curators Victoria still unharmed escaped to lend sombre comfort to succeeding generations of Canadian parliamentarians —JOHN MONTGOMERY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada s unlawful past Maclean s will pay $50 Incidents sent in our mail and mail to Canadiana editor Maclean s, 481 University Ave, Toronto. No contributions can be returned



For the sake of argument continued from page 7

'The moon will be uninhabitable — but there are those who think science can change all this"

in at most a very tenuous way It has no water and no vegetation At first therefore people landing on the moon will have to manufacture the air they breathe and will have to be housed in an atmosphere which will prevent the too rapid escape of the air that their apparatus is manufacturing. They will have to bring with them enough food and water to keep them alive, during the stay but these reasons the moon will be even less habitable than the summit of Everest At any rate this will be the situation at first and for many long years

There are those however who think that physical conditions on the moon can gradually be changed by scientific manipulation I have read a curious recent Russian work containing the kind of very serious scientific inquiry which the Soviet government considers good for its more youthful subjects In this book it was suggested that in time chemical means would be found of making plant cocktails easier and gradually creating something that would do as an atmosphere if such an atmosphere had been created by oxygen and oxygen extracted from animals could be made to produce water Low forms of life might then become capable of living in the newly created pools and gradually the hierarchy might come these forms of life up the ladder of evolution

Let us not say that it is impossible much has been achieved that even a hundred years ago, seemed blindly beyond human power and it would be very rash to place unalterable limits upon what science may do in later centuries

Contaminate the moon?

But however that may be there is certainly no near prospect of life on the moon except in a brief incursion with very elaborate and expensive apparatus It will be a very long time if ever before the moon offers an effective problems of over population or trading, for groups of emigrant deportees

A number of scientists wish for delay in any attempt to fire a projectile at the moon Their ground for delay—are two they say that the moment evidence is covered with seismic dust which might be disturbed by the arrival of a missile but if left undisturbed will give valuable data for the past history of the universe They say also that if the moon has a little atmosphere as it may have the explosion of a rocket would contaminate that atmosphere I cannot but be amused by this concern for hypothetical lunar atmosphere and cosmic dust in view of the fact that at the present moment the governments of Russia and the United States are deliberately engaged in poisoning the earth s atmosphere and of course and the water that we drink and the food that we eat although they know that they are thereby causing cancer and decay

To my mind there is a lack of proportion in the governments care for the moon combined with wanton damage to our own planet in the hearer of life But I suppose this shows that I am unpatriotic A true patriot does not mind how many of his compatriots between old provided a greater number of his friends and more will suffer like affliction

Unfortunately the spirit of ruthless competition of infecting projects for banishing the moon. These projects are not being considered in spirit of scientific detachment or in relationship to the needs of the human race. They are regarded instead as an opportunity for a race between rival Great Powers It is felt that the important thing is not that the moon should be reached but that it should be reached by our side which may be somewhat than by the other This is paltry and makes the whole enterprise one in which it is difficult for some man to see much of value

Man has his menial and plain humanistic ill the latter not to be spread over the miseries of our ladder are to be transplanted first to the moon they go Mars and Venus and perhaps in a later date to more distant regions by such pil-

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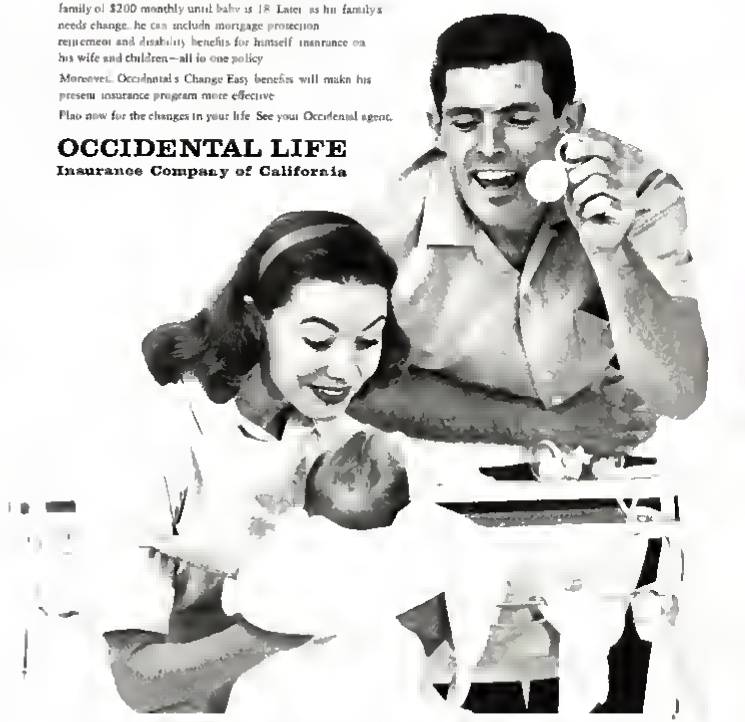
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atums of hate who have grown old during the long journey. If all this is to be the outcome of our silly nevermess, I cannot see that we have any reason to hasten in the prospect. And yet unless the nations repent and reform, this is exactly what we have to expect. If man continues to exist. Man will not be content to land upon the moon and try to make it habitable. They will land simultaneously from Russia and the United States, each party complete with H-bomb and rocket aimed upon exterminating the other. It would be glorious to shoot each other at home and more humane to supply each with a poison capsule and sentence the rivals to a painless death.

There are some who seem to imagine that space travel will of itself lead to some cure for our terrestrial troubles. I cannot see any reason to think this. Europe had troubles before the Western hemisphere was discovered. After it was discovered the wars to which the Old World was accustomed were transplanted to the "New World." Unless we amend our ways the same thing will happen if we extend our silly empires into outer space.

There is no reason whatever to suppose that the new possibilities of travel will do anything to promote wisdom. On the contrary they will as air travel has already done cause people to spend more time in locomotion and therefore less in thought. Already the foreign ministers of the Great Powers spend so much time in visiting each other's countries and also those smaller countries which they hope to influence that they have become unable to acquire even those elements of knowledge which are of most importance if their policies are to have even a modicum of good sense. Bustling activity will more and more take the place of reasonable consideration. A foreign minister who is traveling to the moon will be filled with a sense of public duty nobly performed and will return without shame all the foolish beliefs with which he started on his journey. It is not by hustle that men become enlightened. Spinoza was content with The Hague. Kant who is generally regarded as the wisest of Germans never traveled more than ten miles from Konigsberg.

For my part I should wish to see a little more wisdom in the conduct of affairs on earth before we extend our stupid and deadly disputes to other parts. Mars and Venus shine very coffee lively and are a joy to behold in the night sky. I should not derive more pleasure from their brightness if debates were being conducted in Congress as to which of the two should be admitted to statehood it being understood that one of them favors the Republicans and the other the Democrats. It is for us to grow in the stature of the cosmos not to degrade the cosmos to the level of our little squabbles.

Conquerors have almost always been ruthless. There have been some exceptions of which the most notable were the Romans in Greece. But in general the men who take to a life of conquest tend to be men who are indifferent to the higher values of civilization. The conquistadors, when they went into Mexico and Peru sought only to acquire great masses of gold. They carelessly destroyed two remarkable civilizations which subsequent historians and archaeologists have patiently labored to rediscover. I do not suppose that there is anything similar on the moon. But although I spoke somewhat slightingly of the scientists who are concerned about cosmic dust, I have nevertheless more respect for their point of view than for that of the men who wish to embroil the moon in the struggles of what with cosmic magnificence we magnificently call "The Great Powers."

There is something that may perhaps be called respect for those things in the world that have not been meant with modern technique. There is something which might almost be called sympathy for the ruthless disregard of everything already existing which characterizes those in whom a mechanistic outlook is combined by imagination and contemplation. It is not the whole of what should make up human life to ensue changes, however vast and however clever. Contemplation also must play its part. If we allow it to do so some element of wisdom in human affairs may be reflected into our lives from the contemplation of the heavens. But if we think of the heavens only as something which we can change until the universe is degraded to the level of the most trivial of human concerns we shall only widen the sphere of folly and shall deserve the disasters which it will bring upon us. We need less ruthlessness and more respect. If we have them, our cosmic conquests may be a matter for rejoicing, but if not we shall bring upon ourselves the punishment we shall deserve for our impiety. ★



London Letter continued from page 7

"When Sir John went to the Riviera with a woman not his wife, he knew the price he must pay"

words, according to the Astor family's Sunday journal, the only way that a man or woman can hope to escape calumny is by being important or unimportant. The retired runaway ex-governor of Jamaica had no hope of escape. He was no longer powerful but he could never be obscure.

"Can anything be done?" asked David Astor in his Sunday Observer. Apparently nothing could be done because the newspapers engaged in this valuable trade would lose a lot of money." But what about the Press Council, which is set up to deal with the vagaries of the British press? Scornfully Astor gives the reply: "The Press Council is merely a defensive organization of the newspapers themselves."

Finally this particular David hurls his last stone at the giant popular press. It is up to courageous individuals and to bodies who can stand up to them—serious newspapers the BBC and even commercial television—to try and protect the privacy as well as the liberty of the citizen from these commercial pillory operators.

This was too much for Hugh Cudlipp the brilliant youngish editor-in-chief of the four-million-circulation Daily Mirror. He has the face of a poet, the smile of a film star and a mind as sharp as a dagger. With all the power of printer's ink he challenged Astor to name one editor in Fleet Street who had been "nobbled" by powerful people to conceal from the public the news of scandalous behavior."

Mr. Astor named two but he was on dangerous ground and wisely went no further. Gloatingly the Mirror attributed to the Sunday Observer the hypocritical qualities of Dickens' Pecksniff after which there was a truce of exhaustion. At last we could forget the Huggins affair and leave the newspapers to make our flesh creep with the story of Russia's nuclear strength and the drama of the Middle East.

But even when everyone had grown tired of the wordy battle the Daily Mirror felt it necessary to proclaim that Astor's Observer had not named one newspaper proprietor who had been nobbled, not one newspaper which had suppressed news through fear of losing advertising, not one newspaper which had suppressed news through fear that powerful people might be able success fully to warn public sympathy for themselves. Having made four wild charges, said the Daily Mirror: "David Astor retreats under a smoke screen."

And with that we shall leave Cudlipp and Astor to their secret thoughts. By this time they must have exhausted not only their faithful readers but themselves as well.

Yet this brawl between two editors raises a question which must be asked even though the answer is not easy. Are the vagaries of a well known and respected man like Sir John Huggins fair game for a popular press? To put it in another form are the private affairs of distinguished men the legitimate concern of the public?

It is easy and natural to say "no." Yet I suggest that a prominent citizen who has been honored for services to the state must pay the price of his own high achievements. As governor of Jamaica Sir John dealt justly but firmly with Jamaicans when they offended against the accepted code. As a man of honor he cannot expect to break the code at home without loss of face.

But what business is it of newspapers to spread scandal to the four winds? The newspapers would reply that it is their purpose to hold the glass to the passing scene. It is not the mirror which creates hatred or dishonor, virtue or scandal although the hand that holds it can choose what it will reveal.

Sir John Huggins gave a lifetime of distinguished service to the state and was rightly honored for it. To a man who has actively served as a pro-consul for many years the sudden retirement that is forced upon him by the age rule presents a problem difficult to solve. When as in this case his wife starts out on a political career which keeps her on the move then the inactivity of retirement becomes doubly difficult for the husband.

Which brings us back to the behavior of the press. When Sir John openly journeyed to the Riviera in company with a woman who was not his wife he knew the price he would have to pay. Perhaps in the loneliness and inactivity of retirement he deemed it worth paying. But for the newspapers to have suppressed the story would indeed show a partiality that could not be justified on any grounds.

But is that the end of the story? After the battle between Astor and Cudlipp can we now get back to cricket and the adventures of the Middle East? I am afraid that it is not so. There is always Randolph Churchill the irrepressible and the inevitable. For as Cudlipp and Astor were showing signs of exhaustion Randolph weighed in with an article in the Spectator in which he declared open war against the whole of Fleet Street. Dealing with the charm of the Mirror that no man should escape the righteous calumny of the press he declared:

"The late Lord Rothermere (proprietor of the Daily Mail) who abandoned his support of Sir Oswald Mosley entirely as a result of pressure from advertisers (mostly tobacco people)

"If the proprietor of one of our powerful national newspapers were to leave his wife and take a woman friend to Italy would his editor publish the fact and obtain an interview with his wife? Would other newspapers do it? I judge not even if the whim were so ill-bred as to wish to ventilate the matter in the press.

"I can think of many rich men who control newspapers and whose private lives are much more interesting and spicy than that of the drab unfortunate couple who have just been pilloried. How strange it is that we never hear about their private lives. . . . I could inform the editor and the readers of the Daily Mirror of a score of relations, mistresses and lovers of people connected with the press whose names are never mentioned whatever they do. I have no desire to harry a man just because he owns a newspaper.

"I am sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that the rich are just as much entitled as the poor to have privacy in their lives. I think this is a matter when privilege should not enter and I find it exceptionally disgusting that those who are uniquely circumstanced to protect themselves and their children should make more money than they can spend by denying similar privileges to those less fortunate than themselves."

* * *

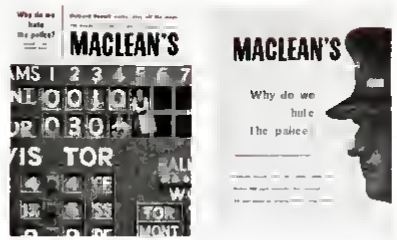
I am genuinely sorry for my friends Sir John Huggins and his wife and for the lady whom Sir John intends to marry as soon as it is in order to do so. They little thought that they would enclose such a storm in the Street of Ink. ★

Answer to

Who is it? on page 38

Jack Arthur, the executive producer of the Canadian National Exhibition's Grand stand Show since 1953.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



In the traditional travel shows some aspect of the life around us.

Break with the past some say the cover should be a contents-table

Cover story: why one issue has two

If you live in British Columbia you can expect to get a different cover on this copy of Maclean's from that received by readers in the rest of Canada. Most of the country will see Duncan Macpherson's painting of a baseball scoreboard (above) but British Columbians will see the movie poster like cover reproduced to its right. This of course is a different *kind* of show window than the novel most of our readers have come to expect. We're interested in discovering whether you prefer it to the kind of thing we've been doing for many, many years.

Readers asked for it

There are two points of view about magazine covers and these points of view have been expressed in my times by those of you who bother to write us. One holds that a cover should be in effect a table of contents. It should give a pretty good idea of what the prospective reader can find inside the magazine—and it should do it as boldly as possible. Many magazines have this kind of cover and that's the kind British Columbians are receiving this issue. The other point of view holds that a cover should in effect be an extension of the magazine. It should be a picture depicting harmoniously or dramatically or even satirically some aspect of life around us. And that's the kind of cover that Maclean's in company with many other magazines has been generally using for most of its history.

Recently in response to requests from those readers who prefer the more lighthight sustenance of the magazine's content we've been experimenting with a new kind of cover. One which we didn't use is reproduced below. We have a drawerful of others which will never see the light of a newsstand.

Well what do you think? Our readers have never been shy about writing us about our covers (especially when they didn't like them) and we're genuinely interested in hearing from them now.

Meanwhile we ought to advise you that on our next issue we'll have another of these experimental covers — and this time everybody who subscribes to the magazine or who buys it on the newsstand will see it. This doesn't mean that we plan any sudden or immediate changes. We have already purchased and commissioned a great many Canadian paintings that we expect to use on future covers that constant experimentation is the life force of any period cal and this time we thought we'd make you part of the experiment.



Trial and error but one fact never saw the proves

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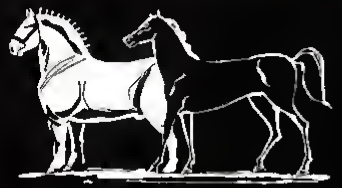


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For matchless Manhattans

FOR DRIER MARTINIS USE

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Parade

Alimentary, my dear Watson

Cannies cop we've heard of in months is the Glace Bay N.S. sergeant who was assigned to return to their homes three strayed toddlers. It turned out the kids were good and lost—none of them knew where he lived. The cop just gave the trio his third-degree glare and demanded: "Where do you buy your candy?" At that they broke and all started bubbling happily. Jean C." After that it was elementary to track down Jean's confectionery



and grocery store in nearby New Aberdeen and find from which homes in the immediate neighborhood the candy kids had fled.

* * *

There has been a great renumbering of houses going on in Burnaby, B.C., causing postmen no end of confusion. On the first day when new numbers were supposed to be posted by householders, one postie was working his way satisfactorily down the block when he came upon one number that bore absolutely no relation to those on either side of it. So he knocked on the door to make enquiries. The housewife who answered clearly wasn't too familiar with English but she maintained stoutly that she had put up the number the government sent her. She handed him the government card to prove it—only it was a customs card giving the number of a parcel being held for her.

* * *

We've heard about a polite and swift thinking wedding guest in Ottawa who watched with dismay as the bride came down the aisle in a beautiful afternoon dress and small flowered hat for the guest realized she herself was wearing the identical hat. But nobody noticed the duplication all through the wedding and reception. Not even the bride, for the guest used the hushed moment when all eyes were on the bride to adjust her own hat so that it was back to front.

An Edmonton shopper got home to discover she'd left a parcel of meat somewhere, probably in the little gift shop where she'd made her last call. It was already past closing hour, however, so she couldn't telephone the gift store until next morning to ask if that's where she'd left her meat. "Yes and I ate it," declared the voice at the other end of the line with lingering satisfaction. "What do I owe you?"

* * *

What the tourist season has done for Anglo-Canadian relations we don't know, but we do know that one southern gentleman has returned home baffled to Hamilton, Missouri. The woman proprietor of a motel near Toronto did her darndest to make him take the cheapest room she had, though he and his wife wanted to celebrate a hard-earned holiday by taking one of her posh new units. "But it's three dollars more," the woman kept complaining, and when finally forced to give them the key she bawled right over: "You Americans from the States!" she fumed. "Always you want to spend money, spend money. Never a thought of saving even when I give you the chance. You ought to be ashamed!"

Then snatching the proffered currency she peeled off the three extra dollar bills and handed them right back.

* * *

Sign on the back of a painter and decorator's truck in Willowdale, Ont.: "Have gun, will spray."

* * *

A fellow in Fort William whose property backs on the Neebing River was mighty proud of his three-year old stream of willows, all thirty-five of which he planted along the bank himself. Then a



plague of beaver hit them and the poor man has fought a losing battle all summer despite help from dog catchers, nature game wardens and just about every one hat civil defense. At peak the beavers were hacking down and carting away his willows at the rate of thirty a night until someone suggested chasing them away with floodlights. First night their work area was illuminated the slab turned so-and-sos got away with four trees.

for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario

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